

SPACE CITY NEWS SPACE CITY NEWS SPACE CITY NEWS

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Washington Was a Gas

By Liberation News Service

WASHINGTON (LNS) — Karl Marx once said that a revolution is a festival of the oppressed and exploited. Washington wasn't that. But it was a kind of festival.

It was Woodstock without the spaced-out dropouts, without the rain and the mud. It was great silent majority of American youth come together indignant. Quiet kids, who didn't really get excited about any of the speeches they had come to hear, come to hear nothing more than what they already knew — that the war was bad, that the killing had to be stopped.

They didn't applaud vigorously or chant loudly. Sometimes it was hard to tell if they listened, except when Arlo Guthrie sang and Dick Gregory joked.

But they came to Washington from all over the eastern half of the United States. They came to say by their presence that it is time to bring the troops home. And they came most of all to be around people who felt the same way, to be part of a community of people who wanted peace. Many of them knew astonishingly little about the war, didn't know whether the fighting was going on in the north or the south, didn't know how long the war had been going on or how it had started. But they felt it was wrong.

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They made this the youngest mass peace demonstration of all the demonstrations against this war.

Pushing down the turnpikes from New York gave you a sense of what it was going to be like. The bus stops were jammed, not with squabbling families or with salesmen guzzling coffee, but with hundreds of kids in no particular rush to get anywhere, sitting around on scraps of grass outside the restaurants and on the chairs, floors and windowsills inside, joking, talking and clearly enjoying for once being the dominant group.

It was the same when you got to Washington. The streets were teaming with people carrying knapsacks and sleeping bags, wandering aimlessly, but glad to share a peace sign or a fist with others there for the same purpose, who drifted past in an endless, directionless stream.

They didn't really seem to mind the fact that it was very cold, or that it was hard to find a place where you could get anything to eat or to use a bathroom without standing in line for hours. They didn't seem at all worried that Washington police had been preparing for them for weeks and had done their homework well. Some of them found out about it first hand Friday night.

Several thousand young people had gathered in Dupont Circle by 8:30, Friday, Nov. 14. "We're going to take the Saigon Embassy!" replied an excited kid in an Army jacket to a passerby's question. In the middle of the circle were clustered the red flags, and black flags, and NLF flags. The organizers of the demonstration had attempted to plant an NLF flag on the South Vietnamese-Saigon Embassy, and serve an eviction notice on the puppet government, reclaiming the place for the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam as the true representatives of the South Vietnamese people.

The federal government was not prepared to lose the embassy, however, and the crack cops of the special operations division of the D.C. police easily dispersed a group of marchers who broke away from Dupont Circle before the scheduled speeches could be made.

The speeches never were made that night; barefoot kids made straight for the Embassy, but were almost effortlessly repelled by the cops using CS (tear gas). Along Connecticut Ave. where many of Washington's exclusive boutiques and shops are located, there was some random window breaking, and the next day, participants in the actions spoke of "over 40 police cars trashed." Actually little material damage could be seen in the area.

Capital Under Guard

Friday evening was the first opportunity that the D.C. police had that weekend to show their power. And there can

be little doubt that the demonstrators hadn't realized what they would be up against.

The D.C. police force is one of the most "advanced and professional" in the country, and the man who made it that way is Patrick Lee Murphy. He sandwiched a stint as public safety director of Washington in between a career as director of training for the International Association of Chiefs of Police, and his present job as head of the Law Enforcement Assistance Agency of the Justice Department. His task now is to spread the new cop technology about, and, some say, to lay the groundwork for forging an effective federalized police force from the officer Obie's desk of the nation.

One of the keys of the new cop technology is tear gas, and Washington cops

specialize in a few kinds. During the black rebellion that followed Martin Luther King's assassination, gas could be seen rising for days over the ghetto; block after block filled with saturation gas to clear the streets and keep them cleared.

But for the New Mobe weekend, the cops had broken out a massive supply of CS, a strong variant of tear gas, which, as countless kids learned after splashing water on their faces to relieve the burning, is an oil soluble gas whose effects are intensified by water.

Macabre March

But they kept on coming, quietly determined as they were innocent.

Marchers in the March Against Death, impervious to the fact that a battle was going on elsewhere, plodded resolutely past the White House. They couldn't see the home of their president. Glaring floodlights aimed at the sidewalks made it impossible to see anything of the building behind them, or even to look toward it for more than a few seconds.

But if Nixon ever peered out his windows he must have seen them. A long file of strange forms wrapped in blankets and anything else they could find to guard against the cold, moved slowly past with flickering candles, dangling around each neck a sign naming one of the American soldiers killed in Vietnam or one of the Vietnamese villages destroyed by those American soldiers. A strange equation there — one American soldier to a whole village of Vietnamese — perhaps a touch of racism.

The whole thing didn't seem to take you very far, tell you where to go from here, how to fight against this abomination. But still somehow it was impressive. Macabre, deathly and medieval, making you think of this society as decayed, plagued-stricken or destroyed by famine or war. And it made you think too about kids moving past with feet that must have been numb with cold. Kids, many of whom really didn't know where the war had come from or what to do about it, other than to offer up their sense of sorrow.

It seems strange that they could really think that their frail candles would affect the power that rested comfortably behind those blinding floodlights. And you had to wonder

where they had been during the last few years, when that same power had been busy slaughtering close to a million people in Vietnam, people who had tried to move against it in order to take their land into their own hands.

"We're the Majority!"

The mass march started on Pennsylvania Avenue at 10:30 a.m., Saturday, Nov. 15. It started an hour and a half before schedule and was over almost before it began. By noon, when the official Mobilization speeches began on the grounds of the Washington Monument, that area was already filled nearly to capacity.

How many people were there? Observers who had attended the 1963 Civil Rights demonstrations in Washington which drew a quarter of a million people said that this anti-war crowd was clearly larger. The New York Times accepted police estimates that there were only 300,000 of us in Washington on Saturday; when Dr. Benjamin Spock announced from the speaker's platform that there were 25 million, that seemed a little high. The new Mobe later set the figure at 800,000.

But for the people there, the old numbers game did not seem very relevant. Looking over the solid masses spread out over the Washington Monument, you had the feeling, like the girl in an oversized Army jacket carrying her handwritten sign, that "We are the majority."

It was a cold, calm and clear day. Forecasts of rain or snow (a government plot?) never materialized, but a freezing wind kept 100 flags and banners flapping throughout the afternoon.

There were stars and stripes with a few peace symbols on them; there were stars and black bars and stripes and hearts; a huge NLF banner rippling in the wind by the speakers platform, all day long and a husky old guy with a grey beard was spotted carrying a large red IWW (International Workers of the World) flag, with "sabot" at the top of the pole.

Around the Washington Monument itself, the government had neglected to raise the U.S. flag, so the people hoisted their own bright red, black and red, the NLF yellow star on blue and red, the green, black and red of

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But We Kept on Coming...



Washington photos by Mike McKee

Space City News

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Ft. Hood GIs Lead

Space City March



By Victoria Smith

About 1,500 people, led by a contingent of nearly 100 GIs, marched through the streets of Space City, Sunday, Nov. 9, to demonstrate opposition to the war in Vietnam.

We marched about three miles under the hot Houston sun from Emancipation Park in the Third Ward to a rally in Hermann Park, where we were met by another thousand people. The turn-out was pretty impressive for this town; it was probably the largest display of discontent with the war ever seen here.

The events were organized by the Houston Mobilization Committee against the War, the leadership of which is fairly moderate. But the tone

of the rally was for the most part militant.

The militancy stemmed largely from the active presence of the anti-war GIs from Ft. Hood near Killeen. Because of the GIs, people couldn't forget that one of the major issues of the day was "support for GI rights and GI rebellions."

The GIs led the march, along with the Mobilization people. They bolstered the spirit, as well as the political level of the rally with fist-waving and revolutionary song-singing led by folk-singer Barbara Dane.

As she and the GIs gathered around the speaker's mike to sing, Dane said that "for every GI here today, there's 10 back at Hood" who wanted to come but couldn't make it.

The reason the others couldn't come to Houston that day makes an interesting addition to the continuing tale of military suppression of dissident GIs.

The staff of the Oleo Strut, the Ft. Hood GI coffeehouse in Killeen, lined up four buses several weeks ago to transport GIs to Houston for the march. Suddenly, three weeks before the trip, the bus company told the Strut that buses were no longer available.

The Strut attempted to charter buses with other coach companies, but the story was the same. First, the company would agree to rent the buses, and then, a few days later, would cancel the contract.

The Strut collective finally made

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Conduct Unbecoming To an Officer

HOW DID YOU GET INTO ALL THIS TROUBLE WITH THE ARMY?

I was court martialed in 1967 on three charges. The first was the refusal on my part to train Special Forces, so-called Medics; the second was the uttering of statements whose intent it was to create disloyalty and discontent among the troops; and the third charge was conduct unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman.

TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCE IN THE STOCKADE: HOW DID YOUR ANTI-WAR EFFORTS AFFECT OTHER PRISONERS, AND WHAT PROSPECT IS THERE FOR BUILDING THE MOVEMENT IN PRISON?

It's difficult to talk about prison organizing

because there isn't much concrete success to boast about. We organized in prison, myself and other political prisoners, but it was at a very primitive level — it's very difficult to organize in prison. The prison authorities have many, many weapons that they can use against you.

For example, they can throw you in the hole (solitary confinement), they can deny you privileges, they can deny you parole and take away your good time arbitrarily, and if worse comes to worse they transfer you to another prison.

So that a man like Cleveland Sellers, who was a very good SNCC organizer and was doing time

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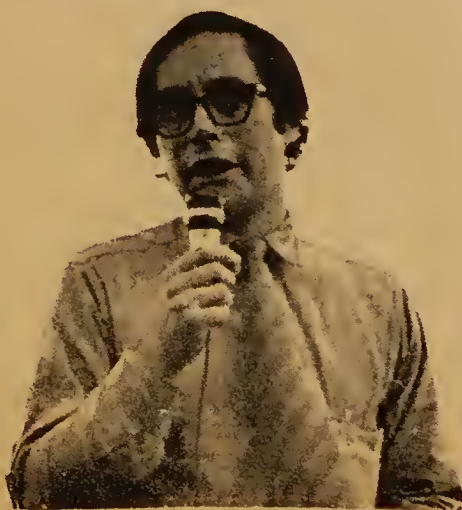
We interviewed Dr. Howard Levy last week after he had spoken to the Nov. 9 anti-war marchers at Hermann Park. The 32-year-old doctor from Brooklyn was recently released from the Lewisburg Penitentiary.

Levy, formerly Capt. Levy, head of dermatology at Fort Jackson, S. C., was court martialed in June, 1967, and sentenced to three years at hard labor for disobeying a direct order, uttering statements tending to create disloyalty, and conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. (He had refused to give medical training to Green Berets on the grounds that they committed war crimes, which apparently is not unbecoming to an officer and a gentleman.)

It was revealed during the court martial that the colonel who pressed charges against Levy did so only after being shown a secret intelligence dossier. What the dossier contained was never revealed since it was classified information, so that Levy's lawyer had to defend the entire case without knowing the information which caused the charges against his client to be made. (The lawyer kept a copy of Kafka's "The Trial" with him throughout the court martial.) It was only established that the intelligence agent who supplied the file was a resident of Prosperity, S. C., a small town where Levy in his off hours had helped the local civil rights group in a voter registration drive.

Levy was released on bail last August—a week

before his sentence would have been over, counting time for good behavior. Although the following interview deals primarily with Levy's prison experience and the GI movement, he also told us about his present activities with Health PAC, a movement medical research and organizing group in New York City. This latter part of the interview will be printed in a later issue.



March...

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what it thought was a binding agreement with Transportation Enterprises, Inc., in Austin. But when they went down to pay the \$50 deposit, the deal was off. According to Jay Lockard of the Strut, the company manager said that the FBI had paid him a visit, and advised him not to rent them the buses.

He told them the FBI called Strut people "disreputable," and warned him that there would probably be narcotics on the bus, Lockard said. The FBI reportedly said that the buses would probably be impounded and that the company could be implicated in felony charges. So naturally the company was unwilling to rent the buses.

But in case intimidation of bus companies failed to detain the anti-war GIs, the Army had a few more tricks up its sleeve.

Many of the men planning to go to the march were put on extra duty that weekend. A whole company was placed on standby two days before the march, although the men weren't told why they were standing by. (After the Strut broke the story to the Texas press, this order was revised to say that the men were restricted to the base that weekend.)

So after these last-minute obstacles were thrown in their path, only about half of the 170 GIs who had planned to come to the march actually made it.

Lockard said that some of the brass had openly indicated their knowledge of the GIs' plans, so the restrictions placed on them were not mere coincidence. She also said that she thinks the brass was attempting to discredit the Strut by making it almost impossible for them to fulfill their promises to get the GIs safely to Houston and back. But the attempt failed. The Strut commissioned two buses from a church in Austin, and the GIs enjoyed good accommodations in Houston at Autry House and the First Unitarian Church.

But this is not the first time attempts have been made to prevent Ft. Hood GIs from attending movement

events in Houston. Several carloads of GIs, en route to an SDS rally here Oct. 4, were shot at outside Temple, Tex., by right-wingers who later called Space City News and identified themselves as members of the Ku Klux Klan.

Ammunition from an M-16 rifle was fired into the engine of one of the cars, putting it out of commission.

The Klan also made a presence around the Nov. 9 action.

Several days before the march, the home of Fred Brode, a key organizer for the Houston Mobilization Committee, was riddled with automatic rifle fire.

And at 6 a.m., Nov. 9, a car parked in front of the Space City News office was firebombed and completely demolished. The car belonged to a local SDS member. People in the office rushed outside, but the bomber had vanished. They did see two police cars, however, hovering a block away, watching.

While the rally was going on, the Klan was slashing tires on dozens of cars parked near the scene. One observer counted a total of 27 sabotaged cars within a three-block stretch, although the toll was even higher since tires of cars parked around Emancipation Park were also slashed. On the windshields of many of the cars was a handwritten note: "This is the work of the Silent Majority."

Strangely enough, several Houston policemen were patrolling the area around Hermann Park during the rally, but they "didn't notice a thing."

Many of those who returned to find their tires slashed had not even been to the rally. These Sunday afternoon park and zoo goers, some of whom probably consider themselves part of Nixon's Silent Majority, must have been pretty surprised to find that things aren't so peaceful within the ranks of the S.M.

A burned fuse was found attached to the gas tank of a mobile truck belonging to radio station KYOK, a local soul station. The truck was not damaged.

The march and rally, despite moderate leadership, were enough to rile the blood of any self-respecting Houston Klansman.

Behind the GI contingent marched

anti-war veterans, the Mexican American Youth Organization (MAYO), the Young Socialists Alliance, supporters of SDS/RYM-II (Revolutionary Youth Movement) and groups of high school and college students. Banners were raised high, many of which demanded the immediate withdrawal of U. S. troops from Vietnam.

There wasn't a significant black presence at the march or the rally. It seems the Mobilization hadn't tried to bring members of the black community into the planning of the events, even though the march started in that community's own Emancipation Park.)

"Peace Now!" was the most persistent chant of the march, but other chants rose out of different contingents like "Tax the Rich, Not the Poor!" "Viva Che!" and "Free Bobby Seale!"

As we marched past a restaurant on Fannin, we noticed a group of black female workers clustered at a window, watching the march. The SDS contingent broke into a chant of "Power to the Workers!" One of the women raised a timid fist, timid perhaps because the white management was gathered in front of the restaurant, reprovingly watching the parade, and

clucking, "Here come the hippies!"

A man stationed along the route of the march was greeted with fists, V-signs and cheers as he held up his sign reading "I'm One of the Silent Majority and I Say Bring the Boys Home."

Speakers at the rally included a black high school senior from Phyllis Wheatley; a Dallas businessman; Josh Gould and David Cline of the Oleo Strut; Bartee Haile of SDS/RYM-II; Andy Vasquez of MAYO and Dr. Howard Levy, an Army doctor who was court martialed and jailed for refusing to train Green Beret medics for Vietnam.

None of the speakers were women, except for Barbara Dane, who gave a short rap about the Strut, even though moderator Ed Crane announced that she was going to sing while "everyone stretches their legs for a minute." Dane immediately told us to sit right back down, and she and the GIs delivered some entertainment as revolutionary as any of the speeches.

It seems that the Mobilization had some female speakers lined up but the engagements fell through. But the next time events like this one come up, we think people are going to have to try a



Space Citymobile don't run like it used to:
Interior design by KKK. Photo by Bill Metzler.

Levy...

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in the federal prison, he found during the five months that he spent in jail that he spent most of the time in transit. The authorities were afraid of him, and the way to stifle any organizing was simply to transfer the man.

And the reason for that is that it takes from four to six months before you feel confident of yourself in prison, before you know who you can trust and who you can't trust, before you can even attempt to get anything together. The prison authorities use this technique to great advantage — prisoners call it the "prison merry-go-round."

AT WHAT PRISON DID YOU DO YOUR TIME?

I spent my first six months at Fort Jackson, South Carolina. That was kind of a special situation because I wasn't really in the stockade there. They wanted to segregate me from the other prisoners, so they locked me up in an abandoned wing of a hospital, and for the first couple of weeks there the conditions were pretty horrendous. They had me on constant 24-hour guard, had a guard with me when I went to the john and took a shower, they wouldn't let me have any visitors or any mail or books, and they left the light on 24 hours a day.

After two weeks of this, we got out a press release which made the New York Times, and when a story like that hits the New York Times, the Army panics. They didn't know what to do. What they finally did was to go completely overboard in giving me all kinds of privileges that nobody has in prison. For example, they let me have unlimited visitors, unlimited mail and books, and to top it all off they gave me an incoming telephone. All of that was a mistake, particularly the telephone, because that meant that I could organize.

Eventually we were able to set up the first ACLU chapter in South Carolina, and we got some of the radical students at the University of South

Carolina to do some work with GI's, mostly leaf-letting GI's in town. And a lot of GI's would come to visit me; we had almost nightly cell meetings. Shortly after that the first anti-war coffeehouse opened up in Columbia, S. C., which was the UFO.

The Army got tired of that after six months and transferred me to Leavenworth Penitentiary. Of course at Leavenworth I didn't have all those privileges, and you had much less leeway as to what you could accomplish. I suppose that the most significant thing accomplished while I was at Leavenworth was the initiation of Unitarian-Universalist church services. The church services necessitated that outside ministers come in to lecture to us on a once-a-month basis.

Their services consisted, in part, of talking about Vietnam, draft resistance, deserters, American imperialism and the military, and the

like. And it was always followed by a question and answer period which provided us with a platform to discuss some of our ideas.

Ours was the only church service that any officers attended, you can understand why, it was amazing, majors and all. By the third one of these services about 45 prisoners came, and during the lecture this loud booming voice was heard on the left side of the chapel. And of course during the discussion period someone gets up and says, "Well, I think there's a tape recorder in this room." At that point, a chaplain from the disciplinary barracks gets up and scurries out of the room with a bulge beneath his vest and wires dangling from underneath his legs.

He was a major, and this was very useful for us to discuss the role of the chaplain and officers in the military, and their important functions like bugging church services.

We did a lot of that, discrediting the officer class, and that was important there because a lot of the guys at the disciplinary barracks were guys who had not received their discharge, but who were serving sentences for let's say AWOL and who would be re-routed back into the Army. And we thought it was important to get up and say what you thought about officers, particularly when you could use very concrete examples like this chaplain.

That was one example of prison organizing. Now, the Army had a real problem with that. They knew what we were all about, and they had the choice of either denying us the church services and landing in court on a freedom of religion case, or else giving us the service and letting us do what we wanted with it. And that's called a no-win proposition, from their point of view. So they let us continue, at least until after I left Leavenworth.

Well, we did other things like that. It wasn't always done by the political prisoners, but sometimes by the black prisoners (who in a sense are all political prisoners anyway). Black prisoners, for example, demanded a memorial service for Martin Luther King, and the Army, being a racist Army, at first denied them the service. So the black prisoners then said OK that's fine, we're not going to work tomorrow,





Folksinger Barbara Dane and Ft. Hood GIs at rally.
Photo by Thorne Dreyer.

little harder to avoid an all-male program, as the women's liberation movement develops strength and leadership here.

Most of the speakers raised the political level of the rally from simple anti-war consciousness and related such issues as U. S. imperialism, racism and GI rebellions to the War.

Gould from the Strut talked about Richard Chase, the Ft. Hood GI who is facing a court martial for refusing to take riot training. (see story in this issue.)

Vasquez noted that the percentage of brown soldiers killed in Vietnam is considerably higher than the percentage of brown people in the country.

Levy came down hard on U. S. aggression in other parts of the world, and talked about the need for a revolution in America. He brought cheers from the crowd when he said that "Nixon shouldn't worry about being the first president to lose an army."

Levy told the crowd that the skills the GIs are learning now will not go unused, and concluded, amid applause and fist-waving, by predicting the formation of a people's army.



Photo by E. Goldschmidt.

at which point they got the memorial service. They also set up a course in Afro-American history after a hard struggle.

Then we were also involved in a long-range program of discrediting the Mental Hygiene Clinic, which we felt was a kind of counter-insurgency tool. The psychiatrists and the Brass take the position that you have to "adjust", and we didn't see any good reason why people ought to "adjust" to prison. We thought that if they did adjust to prison, that was a sign of mental instability, and we thought that it was a sign of mental health for them to resist inequitous institutions like the military or prisons.

The Clinic wanted to do a study called "The So-Called Conscientious Objector — Who Is He?" And the first time they called the prisoners down to take the test, all 25 of us refused to take it. We refused to take the test for very good reasons, first of all we said what's this "so-called" business, either you're a CO or you're not. And of course the reason why the "so-called" was there was that if you're a CO, then what the hell are you doing in military prison? There's nothing illegal about being a CO; therefore to protect the government they had to use "so-called." We said that indicated a bias on the part of the Mental Hygiene Clinic right off the bat.

Our second objection was that we weren't CO's anyhow, we were political prisoners. And the third objection was, no matter what we are, we know who we are and we don't see any reason to tell you. You're just going to have to find out yourselves.

This was a long process, but gradually we convinced a lot of prisoners that they shouldn't cooperate with the Clinic.

The pride and joy of the rehabilitation program at Leavenworth was a re-training program for those GI's who were going back to service, and they put them through a modified basic training program. That program had to be discontinued because they said we were a bad influence on them, so the re-trainees had to be transferred to Ft. Riley, Kansas. That outfit has had several riots since then at Ft. Riley.

We were into a lot of other things which are difficult to categorize, but again, they had to do

with discrediting the Army, talking to fellow prisoners about Vietnam, and about the officer caste system. The ultimate effect that had is very difficult to gauge.

WHERE DID THEY SEND YOU AFTER LEAVENWORTH?

After about 13 months of that, I was transferred to the Lewisburg Penitentiary. There we didn't really attempt to do anything, partly because I only had six more months to go and it's very difficult to get anything going in that short time, and partly because they had me and two other political prisoners isolated at this farm camp. The prison authorities had all three of us categorized as organizers. There was David Miller, the first draft card burner, who had been transferred from Allenwood work camp because he led a work stoppage there. And there was Donald Beatty, the guy who rowed a row-boat in front of the Re-Commissioning ceremonies of the Battleship New Jersey. It was a great protest — busted up the whole service and captured the headlines. Donald had done some organizing at the Petersburg, Va. reformatory.

You have to have a base for building movement groups, and we had been working with political prisoners, but when you're isolated like we were, you haven't got much of a base. We used the time there mostly for self-education because there we could receive books from outside for the first time.

WHAT HAS BEEN THE RECENT IMPACT OF THE GI MOVEMENT?

The Army is really afraid of the GI movement, there's no question about that. There are lots of reasons for this. Number one, because most GI's oppose the war in Vietnam individually and in a very unorganized way, but if they ever solidified their opposition, that would mean the end of the war.

You see, when you're dealing with a campus situation, even when you're very successful, you're still not dealing with a power base, per se. But when you're organizing in the military, you can't get much closer to power. On a campus, you need a lot of radicals to effectuate any kind of change, but in the military if we were



Photo by Victoria Smith.



able to organize let's say ten percent of the military, we'd get this country out of Vietnam real quick.

HOW COME? WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER NINETY PER CENT?

I don't think you could have an effective army with ten per cent of the people taking a militantly radical stand in opposition to that Army. The reason for that is that it's such a sensitive power base, which demands total obedience of its members.

WHAT PERCENTAGE OF GI'S ARE A PART OF THE ORGANIZED MOVEMENT?

It's very hard to estimate. Certainly far less than ten per cent. If you look, however, at the GI newspapers, for example Shakedown, the paper at Ft. Dix, this paper has a circulation of about 15,000. Most of those papers are distributed to GI's on two neighboring posts, McGuire AFB and Ft. Dix, which have a combined population of about 50,000. If you assume that each paper is read by three or four GI's, that means you're reaching about 40,000 of those GI's, and that's pretty good. There aren't many radical papers around that can reach their potential audience with some 80 per cent coverage.

Most of the GI papers have a circulation of five or six thousand, which isn't bad on a post with 25,000 men. The papers may be a better gauge of the GI movement than how many people frequent the coffeehouses, because we don't

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SHEDS SHEET

KLAN KOMES KLEAN

The Ku Klux Klan is, for many, the very epitome of common sense and strength, fighting its desperate battle against the Zionist-Jew plot to communistically destroy our nation through the "Nigras" and the Hippies.

For those of us in the Movement, black and white, the Klan is the hyperbolic statement of much that is real in our society—that which represses freedom, communication, and our very humanity.

The following is a real interview with the wizard pro tem of the United Klans of America, Mr. Melvin Sexton, conducted by the Memphis Root. It can be used as instructive material for the better understanding of this American phenomenon, as script for a humorous skit (best done with black participants), or parts of it as more proof that any group of persons who are dissenters from public consensus (be they on the left, the right, or wherever) can expect harassment and hassle from the Society of the Middle Way.

COULD YOU SUM UP IN A FEW WORDS THE PURPOSE OF THE UNITED KLANS OF AMERICA?

Basically, the United Klans of America is a patriotic, benevolent, fraternal organization. We do believe in the Constitution as it was originally written. We do believe in white supremacy, or in the races not mixing or intermarrying.

WELL, WOULD IT BE POSSIBLE FOR A BLACK MAN WHO AGREED WITH THIS PHILOSOPHY TO BE A MEMBER OF THE UNITED KLANS?

No sir, it surely wouldn't be. It's a white, Gentile, Christian organization. We have been castigated or ridiculed for our views; "Why can't a Nigra or a Jew-person belong to this organization?" Well you can just turn that around and ask the same question, "Why can't a white Gentile person belong to B'nai B'rith, or the Anti-Defamation League?" It just is the way it was set up. We're not trying to deny anyone their rights, and we think we have the same rights that any of these other ethnic groups have.

WHAT IS YOUR EXACT POSITION IN THE KLAN?

At the present time, I have been the Imperial Kligraph (the top secretary of the organization) for a number of years. I have been traveling with Mr. Robert Shelton for four years, until his imprisonment. At that time I was elected by the Imperial Board to be the executive administrator (or the overseer of the organization) while he is in prison.

WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT BLACK POWER GROUPS WHO ALSO BELIEVE IN SEPARATION OF THE RACES?

I don't really know too much about them. However, I agree with them that there should be a separation of the races, that they should keep their blood line, or Negroid line, and not be mixing. Well, as far as that goes, we agree on that. But you mentioned Black Power, I believe; well, I disagree on that, because those people are trying to tear our country down, if they try to do it violently.

"THE 'NIGRAS' ARE INFERIOR." WELL, IS THIS JUST. . . I MEAN, IS IT TRUE?

I think you can look back through the pages of history and find that there is very little that the Nigra race has contributed to this country, or any other country. Over in Africa, where they come from, they are still living in a primitive environment, and everything. I think that it is the white man that has lifted the Nigra up, and particularly here in the United States, to the highest pedestal that he has ever achieved in any country.

IN THIS COUNTRY DO YOU BELIEVE THAT BLACK PEOPLE ARE ENTITLED TO USE LUNCH COUNTERS AND SWIMMING POOLS?

Well, the government apparently seems to think so, but I don't think that I'd want to go into a swimming pool that a group of Nigras had been swimming in, because where I came from, in Alabama, you can smell the body odor, or so forth and so on. And I've always gone along with the idea of cleanliness is godliness.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF INTER-MARRIAGE WERE TO BE ADVANCED ON A LARGE SCALE ON THE NATION?

You'd end up with a mongrelized race of people, a colorless race of people. They wouldn't be Negroid; they wouldn't be white.

WOULD THIS HAVE A BAD EFFECT ON THIS GROUP OF PEOPLE, THE

hearse, of the Negro funeral.

DO YOU KNOW OF ANY SPECIFIC CASES OF MEN IN HIGH PLACES IN THIS COUNTRY IN THE GOVERNMENT WHO YOU WOULD THINK WERE COMMUNIST-BACKED OR HAD STRONG COMMUNIST LEANINGS?

The FBI has certain documented evidence that Martin Luther King, that was killed in this town here, of him meeting known Communists, and taking

ways will be. In the John Birch Society, they do accept Nigras in their organization and Jew people too. Now don't think that I'm anti-semitic, or against the Jew or against the Nigra in that respect. We most certainly have patriotic Nigras in this country. But I don't particularly care if it's a Nigger or if it's a Jew or whoever he is, if he's done something to tear down this country or against this country, I'm against them.



FACT THAT THEY WOULD BE A MONGRELIZED RACE?

Now I was expecting you to come back with pointing out there's one on the Supreme Court of our country, and there's several, quite a few Negroes, or so-called Negroes, millionaires, billionnaires, and so forth and so on. I think if you'll check each one of those individuals, that you'll find that they might be about half white. And that has helped them—that was the point I was trying to get to.

WHAT IS YOUR VIEW OF THE SUPREME COURT? TO WHAT EXTENT DO YOU THINK THEY MIGHT HAVE DONE HARM. . . ?

I don't remember the exact number they have made, I believe it was some 115 decisions in the past few years that have been leaning toward Socialism, the One-Worlders, the Communists. Here recently we have had two judges that have been appointed that I think will stand for the law as written, and as it should be carried out. And I'm hoping that the whole court will straighten up and try to make decisions that will be for the betterment of this country.

WE HEARD IN THE SPEECHES TO-NIGHT ABOUT SUBVERSIVE ACTIVITIES IN THIS COUNTRY. DO YOU THINK THERE'S AN ACTIVE PLOT OR PLOTS WITHIN THIS COUNTRY TO TRY TO OVERTHROW IT, THAT COME FROM OUTSIDE THE COUNTRY, FOR INSTANCE FROM RUSSIA OR CHINA?

Most definitely there is. There's been guns that's been run in through Pascagoula, Miss., and coming in through the West Coast, and some down in Florida, that's going to the Black militants, that's being funneled to 'em. I know of a case down in Mississippi where a funeral home has been hauling these guns in hearses. This was brought to my attention some time back, and I took a closer notice of the funerals. It seemed like there were less mourners at these funerals, and it got down to where there wasn't but one or two cars following the

pay-offs at La Guardia and in Newark, N.J. Some of the Congressmen and Senators of this country have tried to get hold of this evidence, and they were turned down and were unable to obtain that. Even now today they still won't let that part come out that Martin Luther King was not what he pretended to be, that he was not the peace maker or all the things that he said he was.

DON'T YOU THINK THAT THE FBI ALSO IS INFILTRATED BY COMMUNISTS OR IS COMMUNIST INFLUENCED, TOO?

If they aren't in the FBI now, they have been getting their orders previously from Bobby Kennedy and Katzenbach, and certainly Katzenbach and his family had some in their background. I believe his aunt belonged to the Communist Party in Boston, Mass.

I KNOW THE FBI HAS STATED THAT THEY HAVE INFILTRATED THE KLAN TO A LARGE EXTENT. ARE YOU AWARE OF THIS INFILTRATION; IS IT TRUE?

Yes sir, it's true. But the FBI hasn't infiltrated this organization. They always try to go out and pay somebody to get into the organization to funnel information back to them. And in the case of Gary Thomas Roe down in Selma, Ala., on the other cases, he was a paid pimp.

DOES THE KLAN CONSIDER ANY OTHER ORGANIZATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES ALLIED WITH THEM, SUCH AS THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY OR THE MINUTEMEN?

I'll take the John Birch Society first. No, I don't; we don't try to align ourselves with any organizations. First, the government could get you for conspiracy of two organizations under that old 1870 law. I always felt that if you dug deep enough, that you'd find the Zionist-Jew at the root of this whole thing that's trying to tear down our country. And if you'll think, in your Nigra organizations they are in leadership capacity. They have always been, and I imagine they al-

WHY DID THE UNITED KLANS OF AMERICA REFUSE TO SURRENDER THE DOCUMENTS TO THE SENATE THAT MR. SHELTON WAS IMPRISONED FOR?

Well, that wasn't exactly the Senate. That was a committee on Un-American activities, that had been manipulated by the Anti-Defamation League, the B'nai B'rith, into getting the committee to dig in and make an investigation of all right-wing conservative organizations.

WELL, MR. SEXTON, WHO DO YOU SEE AS THE GREATEST THREAT TO THE INTERNAL SECURITY OF THE NATION, THE ZIONIST MOVEMENT, THE BLACK PEOPLE, OR THE COMMUNISTS?

Well, I think it might be that the three of them might be synonymous. It seems that the Zionist Jews are financing it, that they are in the background, and the Communists are manipulating the Nigra or are using them as cannon fodder to do these things: the destruction of our towns and our cities. At the same time, branches of our federal government, such as the OEO, they have been financing these insurrections, or burning of our cities and towns.

KLAN SPEAKERS HAVE MENTIONED THAT THE COUNTRY, PARTICULARLY DURING THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION, HAD REGRESSED HAD GONE BACKWARD. DO YOU THINK THAT AT ANY TIME, SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT BECOME WORSE THAN IT WAS DURING THE JOHNSON ADMINISTRATION, THAT PEOPLE WHO BELIEVE IN AMERICA, CONSERVATIVE PEOPLE, MIGHT HAVE TO TAKE THE GOVERNMENT INTO THEIR OWN HANDS?

Well, I hope that doesn't come to pass, 'cause that will be what I would call revolution. But if it does come to pass, I hope that it ends up in the right hands, and gets this country straightened back up.

Richard Chase is a political prisoner in the Ft. Hood stockade. He must be set free.

Chase is a 26 year old Pvt. E2 from New Hampshire. He was stationed with HHC 1/66th Armored 2nd Armored beginning in January, 1969.

On Sept. 11th, Chase was given a direct order to participate in 'riot control training' as a 'dissident.'

He refused and is now facing a general (kangaroo) court-martial and could receive a five year prison sentence.

It all started about six months ago. Ft. Hood, along with Ft. Carson, is a riot control center for the whole mid-west area. Ft. Hood troops were ordered to Washington, D. C. for the Pentagon demonstration in 1967 and to Chicago in 1968 after Dr King's assassination. They were again shipped to Chicago for the Democratic National Convention.

(That is, some were shipped to Chicago.) Forty-three black soldiers, who later came to be known as the Ft. Hood 43, were arrested for refusing to go.

Training at Hood goes on all year, but under operation Garden Plot the period just before the summer and continuing through the fall is the most intensive.

When HHC 1/66th began intensive training, Chase told his 1st Sgt. and Commanding Officer that he could not participate. The brass didn't want to create a hassle so they gave Chase 'unofficial conscientious objector status' and removed him from the riot control roster. The lifers (career soldiers) didn't want another Ft. Hood three, 43 or one.

In the late summer a new commanding officer and 1st Sgt. came into the company. They continued the agreement regarding Chase's conscientious objector status.

It was during this time that Chase became more politically active. He began to get involved in the G. I. anti-war, enlisted men's rights movement at Ft. Hood.

The brass have a program for GIs who organize. If the guy won't do something stupid like going AWOL or punching his CO, they arrange to throw him in the stockade. This is the only way the brass and the lifers know to stop a developing movement. On Sept. 11, Chase was given an illegal direct order to participate in riot control training.

Why was the order illegal? There is an army regulation which states that it is illegal for a commander to give an individual an order when he knows that individual is incapable of carrying it out. This was clearly the case with Chase. When 1st Lt. Sharpe, Chase's commanding officer, gave that order his intention was obviously to get Chase to refuse and thus, be sent to the stockade.

In mid-October Chase was placed in pre-trial confinement in the Ft. Hood stockade. Since then he has been put in solitary confinement (the box, a 4x6x8x4 cell) on 'skinny chow', which is pressed potatoes and vegetables and water.

While in the stockade, Chase has been beaten by guards (with lifer mentalities) on four different times. Once while he was in solitary, guards came

in, beat him, stripped him, poured disinfectant over him and made him scrub the floor on his hands and knees. We were informed that Chase was recently taken to the dentist in arm and leg shackles.

A GI recently told us how he was taken to Chase's cell by a couple of lifers. They opened the cell door and made Chase stand in the corner at the attention while they hurled verbal threats and abuses, calling him an animal. They later explained to this GI that that's what happens to guys who try to buck the system.

The Ft. Hood stockade is not meant merely to confine individuals, it is intended to crush guys mentally and or physically--whichever the lifers and the brass think will be easier. Richard Chase refuses to be crushed. He is presently working with others to organize the stockade.

Chase's stand is an act of solidarity with all people who are in motion to bring an end to this government's brutal foreign and domestic policies. With the Nixon lifers looking to the army as the last weapon of repression against those who would build a better society, Chase's action takes on great importance.

Widespread support for Chase is developing at Ft. Hood. GIs are beginning to understand 'an injury to one is an injury to all'--a lesson we should put into practice. When the Man can send Lee Otis Johnson to the slam for 30 years, without hell being raised, he knows he can pick any one of us off with ease.

The issue is 'riot control' not just Richard Chase. A few years ago we talked only about troops used against black people. We approached the 1967

invasion of Detroit by the 82nd airborne from a position of moral outrage, not from a position of solidarity with black people's struggles. We will never end riot control with outrage. We must take steps to educate people about whom riot control protects and whom it hurts. When some white guy

says it's OK for the brass to lead troops into black community and crush a rebellion, he is saying it's OK for those same troops to be used against him when he sees a need to get something changed.

GIs don't want to be used against their own people. Chase felt he was in a position to express the mass sentiment against riot control that exists at Ft. Hood. If he was right (and we feel he was), the brass is going to be sorry they ever started messing.

Chase is being defended by Jim Simons and Cam Cunningham, two movement lawyers from Austin.

The military has too long gone untouched by an aggressive defense. It has been our observation that lawyers, even those with good politics, are often caught off balance by the kangaroo nature of Courts-Martial boards. The illusion of fair trials present in civilian courts is nowhere to be found in the Army courts.

Cunningham and Simons are preparing a major defense campaign to educate people about Chase's case. We feel it is an important case because it will be the first time the legality of riot control and the racist policies of the U. S. Army will be on trial.

We are asking people to do the following: (1) Write a letter to Maj. Gen. Coates, Commanding General, 2nd Armored Division, demanding the release of Pvt. E2 Richard Chase and the dropping of all charges.

(2) Write a letter to congressmen and Senators with the same demands, and in addition demand an investigation of the Ft. Hood stockade.

(3) Send duplicate letters to the Oleo Strut, 101 Ave. D., Killeen, Texas, 76541.

Those interested in organizing a local 'Free Richard Chase Defense Committee' should contact the Oleo Strut. Free Chase Now!

The Oleo Strut Collective

U of H Bars Two SDSers

By S.S. Bishop

A flag-bedecked courtroom on the sixth floor of the Harris County Courthouse last week was the scene of a strange ritual, a hearing for a temporary injunction to keep two non-students, Doug Bernhart and Barte Haile off the campus. The ritual's avowed purpose was to hear the truth in order to decide appropriate action. As with all rituals, of course, it was not held for the avowed purpose. It was staged as a show to members of our society that the traditionally accepted modes of action were being followed.

Like a senile holy henchman reciting the proper prayers before setting fire to a heretic, his honor judge whatsisname and the state's prosecuting attorneys mumbled through five and a half hours of rites before publicly announcing their preconceived decision. The attorneys who work for a company which the University of Houston had hired other times to prevent Mark Rudd from speaking on campus and to prosecute Margie Haile for inciting to riot and some lesser no-nos, got what they wanted.

On Oct. 30, Bernhart and Haile took part in the first SDS/RYM II (Revolutionary Youth Movement) action against the military on the University of Houston campus. The plan was to force recruiters for the Army Officers Candidate School to leave campus. (See SCN #10)

Some 15 SDS people moved into a crowd of about 500 students in an attempt to reach the recruiters. Some 100 right wingers, who had evidently organized for the occasion, mobbed the SDS group.

The University administration found what it wanted in the action--violence. That is what they needed for an excuse to try to suppress SDS RYM II. The University first obtained a temporary restraining order to prevent Haile and Bernhart from entering the campus. This became effective immediately upon filing. Next, the University and the State of Texas both sued for a temporary injunction, which was granted by the court.

The defendants expected no justice. They realized that no one has justice under the present system of laws and government. Bernhart and Haile, as well as their legal counsel, Ben Levy, entered the scene fully aware that the courts are used as political forums. They first played it cool. When they saw that they had no chance of winning the court case, they turned on the political heat. When the last state's

witness had spoken, Levy carefully pointed out that each witness had denied knowledge of an instance in which Bernhart or Haile threatened to initiate violence, or did several other things listed in the injunction. His honor completely ignored these facts and pushed on with the trial.

The UH Administration, like most university administrations, acts as though any organization like SDS consists of a few leaders and many followers. The strategy is to remove the leaders so the followers will drift to more acceptable organizations. But SDS RYM II doesn't work this way. This week's followers are capable of being next week's leaders, and injunctions only speed the development of new leaders.

The University has already extended the court injunction to keep two non-students off campus into a personal "injunction" keeping all students out of the Student Life Building (which was paid for through student fees) while the CIA was recruiting on campus Nov. 12-13.

This is not an exceptional case, exceptional judge or exceptional example of political pressure. These are the same blind, reactionary tactics used continually across the country. In this society the courts must take these actions to keep power in the hands of a few.

Meanwhile, the combination ritual, political forum and very real fight goes on in the court. The temporary injunction carries a maximum sentence of three days in jail and \$100 fine on each of eight possible counts -- being on campus, inciting to riot, destruction of University property, etc. The University does not have to prove a connection between Haile and Bernhart and a riot, because the courts have already decided that their presence on campus leads to these events.

Houston SDS RYM II is continuing the fight in the courts. They are now going to file charges under the Federal Civil Rights Act. Their purpose is to enjoin the University of Houston from enforcing the injunction. The federal courts are quicker, cheaper and offer a better chance of winning. They need \$150. If you dare to donate, make out your check to RYM II Defense and mail to: PO Box 4054, Houston, Tex., 77014.

Meanwhile, we should remember the astounding bit of testimony given by the head of UH Security. He testified that to his mind "Power to the People!" was an obscenity.

CIA OFF CAMPUS!



SDS organizer Tracey Oates raps at UH rally. Photo by Thorne Dreyer.

By Thorne Dreyer

The men from the CIA came to town last week. They came to Rice and the University of Houston, seeking raw material for the espionage arm of U.S. Imperialism. They probably didn't expect much trouble in Houston (they've been run off campuses across the country and are surely a bit edgy) They might even have hoped Space City would be something of a breather.

Well, it wasn't. At Rice, militant students pressured the CIA to call off their interviews. And at the University of Houston, demonstrators forced them to conduct their interviews with police protection and a bit of perspiration.

At Rice, leafletting had been carried out on campus for several days prior to the CIA's planned appearance Monday, Nov. 10, and guerrilla theater skits were performed in several classrooms.

After a good deal of milling around in the Rice Memorial Center Monday morning, students moved to the third floor placement area where the recruiting was scheduled, and jammed into the narrow hall through which prospective CIA spies and hopefuls for various corporations must pass to meet their possible employers-to-be. A good 80 people clogged the hall and adjoining foyer at about 12:30. May be half that number were still around when Dean of Students, Wierum, announced, "Alright. You've won. The CIA has cancelled its engagement here. Now go away!"

The people had been milling, hovering, occasionally getting together for a chant. Some were sitting on the floor in the narrow hall. And every time some fellow (probably just paying a visit to Dow-Badische or some other capitalist giant holding interviews nearby) would try to get through, he would be blocked and hassled until

people were convinced that he was indeed neither CIA agent nor prospective sleuth.

Not that his potential employer had hands that much cleaner than the CIA's. In fact, posters from a number of corporations known for their unsavory dealings on foreign soil were ceremoniously ripped from the recruitment bulletin board and burned: a little ritual to show that demonstrators were aware that the CIA isn't all alone in this business of foreign domination.

Strangely enough, the fact that Rice students might chase off CIA recruiters seemed to upset the deans and campus security much less than the possibility that there might be non-students (shudder) involved in the affair. Like earlier in the day I took a picture of one nosy-looking fellow, figuring he was some kind of cop. He came right over to me and said, curtly, "Just in case you want a caption for that picture, I'm Rhodes, chief of security here. Lemme see your Rice ID." I turned down his request.

"We don't want outsiders here," he said. "This is my university. Mine and Katzenberg's (he pointed to SDS organizer Bill Katzenberg, standing nearby). And we don't want you here."

Upstairs, deans and campus security cops wandered around, demanding Rice identification from everyone. But few of the demonstrators, almost all of whom were, in fact, legit Rice enrollees, would cough up any ID. "Guess I left it somewhere. Gee, I'm sorry, sir."

One guy did something to raise the ire of Dean of Students Wierum. The Dean started moving towards him. A group of demonstrators got between the two of them and the kid fled through the crowd, down the stairs and out to freedom. Meanwhile, the group consciously blocked the dean's passage. And he was indeed pissed.

He then singled out two "leaders" —

Katzenberg and Karolyn Kendrick — and ordered them to his office immediately. By the time he got there himself some 30 people were lounging around, helping themselves to coffee and hunting for cigars. "Get out," he snorted. "I said I wanted to talk to Karolyn and Bill." But Karolyn and Bill refused to be singled out, and the crowd said it was sticking together.

So they invited the dean outside, engaged in a bit of debate, and the dean finally got frustrated and left. A quick meeting was held, and students decided to return the next day, just to make sure ol' CIA didn't sneak back in. He didn't.

The whole scene at Rice was pretty weird and low-key. Extremely different from that at UH. Rice's purpose is to supply Houston with its educated elite: technicians, engineers, scientists, physicians. The climate is tolerant, reasonably liberal and extremely irrelevant. The administration prefers to avoid confrontations (Though they had to deal with a couple of pretty good ones last year.)

Freaked by even the slightest threat of violence (quite low-brow, this yelling and chanting, my, my. . .), they would readily give in before having to bring in cops or the like.

A little something to give you an idea of what Rice is like: a friend of ours was manning a literature table for SDS-RYM-II in the lobby of the Memorial Center at the same time the action was going on upstairs. Some of the literature was pretty heavy: like Stalin and Lenin, quotations from Chairman Mao, etc. Well this one owlish guy in horn-rimmed glasses walks over, picks up a rather esoteric writing of Mao Tse Tung, exclaims "Wow, I've been looking for this everywhere," and proceeds to buy several dollars worth of Mao and Lenin before heading on to Sammy's for a coke. Which is not to suggest that Rice is a hot-bed of radicals,

just that the level of academic tolerance is high.

The University of Houston, on the other hand, is neither a hot-bed of radicalism nor an especially tolerant place. But, it's probably a lot more real — its students are a much wider cross-section of Houston's youth many coming from working class backgrounds. An academic enclave it ain't.

An organized right wing, it's got. The UH Young Americans for Freedom chapter is one of the oldest and largest in the country.

But the real problems with organizing on the UH campus have to do with a lot more than a handful of loud-mouth neo-fascists. The campus itself has always proved an enigma to radical organizers. (In fact to any kind of organizers!) It is a commuter campus, and, unlike other large public campuses, like the University of Texas in Austin, there is little definable community around the University. The separate schools are very isolated from each other. Most students come on campus only when they have a class or some other official function, and then quickly split.

So it's hard to get anyone's attention at UH, and it's especially difficult to pull a lot of people together around any question. In this sense the SDS RYM II actions have been quite successful: they've stirred things up. They've forcefully injected political issues into the campus scene.

They have jolted the campus. They have brought together crowds of a thousand or more people, stimulated heated debate. And most important no matter where he or she might stand on the question right now, most every student has been made aware of the issue of imperialism and the University's complicity with it.

And last week's demonstration against the CIA showed that support has been growing since the Oct. 30 action when several SDS members were beat up by right wingers while trying to remove recruiters from the Army Officers Candidate School.

During that first action, there were quite a few "sympathizers" who stood around and watched, confused, unwilling to join in and offer physical support. This time, many of those and others, "shocked at the right-wing violence," formed a band of "non-violent neutrals" who vowed to step in between any fights, even if it meant getting punched. I would venture to say that by the time the next action comes along, many of those "neutrals" will be on the side of those fighting imperialism on the campus.

This time, as it turned out, there was no violence. The activities began with a guerrilla theater skit on the steps of the University Center. Much was drowned out by right-wingers chanting "SDS Go to Hell," but there was also visible support in the crowd. From the UC, about 35 people, led by a dozen women marched to the Student Life Building where the CIA was conducting its interviews.

As the group was moving out, campus cops attempted to keep the bulk of the crowd at the UC. Some of the demonstrators were momentarily cut off from the others. In fact, many of those who were somewhat sympathetic to the demonstration were also the most easily cowed by the deans who were demanding that they stay put and not follow. The right wingers, however, had no qualms about breaking through and following us over.

Several speeches were given at the Student Life Building, but no attempt was made to move inside the building and physically stop the recruiting. It was clear that there were still not enough people prepared to commit themselves to such action to pull it off effectively. And also, the scene had the makings of a dandy trap. The door where the rally was held was locked and guarded by cops. But another door was left open. A few people might have made it inside, but they certainly would have been cut off from the group, perhaps beat up, and certainly arrested.

So though nobody physically stopped the CIA from recruiting at UH, they were forced to slip people in through the back door, under police protection.

The key speakers at the Student Life Building were three women -- Nancy Sweeney, Kay Bennett and Tracey Oates -- who were, in fact, the primary organizers of the day's events and are playing a leading role in ongoing SDS/RYM-II activities at UH.

And perhaps the most significant aspect of the action was the leadership

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cia: applied intelligence

They've Got a Secret

"The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) is not an aberration in an otherwise democratic society. The point is not that the CIA has been an 'invisible government,' nor that it has dictated American foreign policy, but that its activities constitute a particularly outrageous aspect of that policy. It is an integral part of a political and economic system which oppresses and misleads its own people just as it does the people of other lands for the benefit of those whose profits come from racism and exploitation. It is because SDS opposes this system of exploitation and racism that it opposes the CIA."

from the pamphlet published by University of Wisconsin SDS, 1968

There currently exists in the United States on most college campuses and in "liberal" circles a widespread antagonism against the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) and its activities. The reasons for this opposition are usually vague and non-analytical; that is, other than a revulsion against specific CIA atrocities and a fear of the CIA becoming an autonomous secret police, which are very correct humanitarian responses, most anti-CIA sentiment is similar to the unclear anti-war "politics" that see the Vietnam War as some sort of irrational mistake by an otherwise rational and basically good government. Certainly the ruling class of this country has made serious blunders and some of these have been committed by the CIA. But the CIA is no more an American freak than US aggression in Vietnam. The Central Intelligence Agency in all phases of its work is absolutely essential to the protection of US economic, political, social and cultural interests throughout the world. To struggle against the CIA is to support concretely the fight for national liberation of all peoples oppressed by US imperialism. And to aid these national liberation struggles is to side with the world's majority, including black, brown and white Americans, against this racist and imperialist enemy of us all.

ITS ROOTS

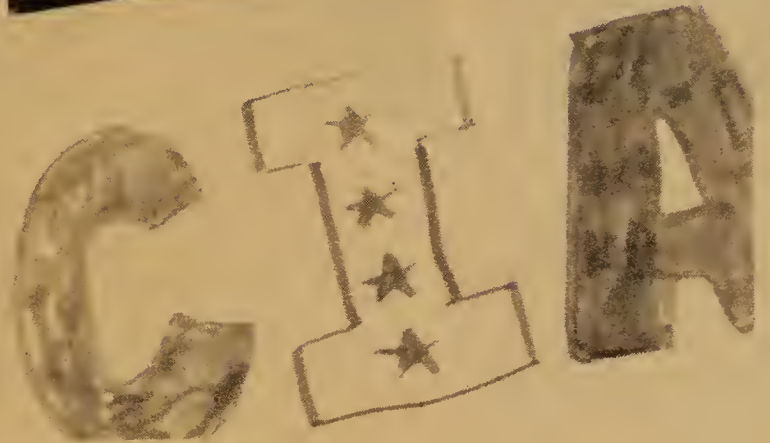
The forerunner of the CIA was the Office of Strategic Services (OSS). Established during World War II, the OSS engaged in a wide range of intelligence gathering related to US mi-

litary operations in Europe and the Pacific. It also was directly involved in behind-the-lines espionage and sabotage. (Members of the OSS worked alongside Ho Chi Minh and the Vietnamese in their struggle against the Japanese). Composed, of course, only of "officers and gentlemen," the OSS was informally known as the "Oh So Social." Many of the former OSS agents plus new recruits from that same well-defined class of American society were extremely instrumental in setting up the CIA. After all, they could not leave to amateurs and commoners the sensitive task of guarding by any means necessary the delicate interests of this country's corporate families.

Several steps were taken in the years immediately after WWII before the CIA became a reality. First, on Jan. 22, 1946, President Harry Truman created by executive order a National Intelligence Authority that contained a Central Intelligence Group; the CIG was headed by the Secretaries of State, War and the Navy and by Admiral William D. Leahy, who presented Truman with a post-war study of an intelligence system for the US ostensibly designed for the primary purpose of avoiding another Pearl Harbor

Second, Congress passed and Truman signed in September, 1947, the National Security Act. This defined the purposes of the CIA and gave it the broadest possible powers.

It was, however, a third step - the Central Intelligence Act of 1949 - that insured the CIA's continued expansion and effectiveness in becoming the corporate elite's #1 international henchman. This act stated that the Director of Central Intelligence could spend money "without regard to the provisions of the law and regulations relating to the expenditure of government funds." This meant that the Director's signature for any amount and under any circumstances was "deemed a sufficient voucher." In other words, the CIA has a blank check. (By 1967 the Agency was spending an estimated \$1.5 billion each year out of a total annual budget of \$4 billion for all US intelligence activities.) With only token and impotent Congressional supervision, the CIA was fully prepared to serve its one and only master: U.S. imperialism.



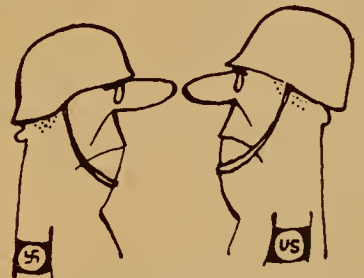
CIA IN ACTION

"More than a billion dollars are invested in Chile. And if anyone thinks the United States will sit on its hands while a Marxist is elected President of Chile, he is wrong."

Nation's Business, June, 1967

The full list of the CIA's bloody "achievements" is both lengthy and largely unknown. But enough unquestionable facts have been uncovered in recent years to put together a sharp picture of the CIA's fascist crimes against millions of oppressed people. Yet it is also a clear situation of professional "patriots" diligently

guarding at any cost the profits and power of a tiny number of white Americans at the expense of the freedom and lives of individuals on all continents.



COINCIDEN CIA

China

In the early 1950s, the CIA "gathered remnants of the defeated Chinese Nationalist armies in the jungles of northeast Burma, supplied them with gold and arms and encouraged them to raid Communist China. . . One aim was to harass Peking to a point where it might retaliate against Burma, forcing the Burmese to turn to the United States for protection." The CIA still supplies Chiang Kai-Shek on Formosa with agents whose job is "to train men who will be smuggled into Communist China. . . and to organize harassing operations on the islands just off shore the mainland." (New York Times, April-May, 1966, 5-part series on the CIA.)

Cuba

Faced with the inevitable victory of the rebel army and the Cuban people against dictator Batista, the U.S. decided to try coaxing Fidel Castro and the revolutionary government onto the quicksand of imperialism. But even before Pres. Kennedy's announcement of the U.S. blockade against Cuba following the nationalization of U.S.-owned land and other holdings, in 1960 Eisenhower authorized the CIA to organize and equip an army of Cuban exiles to invade Cuba and over-

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FROM ENGLAND... FROM ENGLAND

SPOOKY TOOTH!!

NOV. 27 THANKSGIVING NIGHT AND NOV 28

ADMISSION: \$3 AT THE DOOR... BOTH NIGHTS

CATACOMBS

Union Shut-down Sparks Revolt

By Trudy Minkoff and Dennis Fitzgerald



Rally at University of Texas. photo by Belmer Wright

AUSTIN — Yes folks, it's true! There's been honest to goodness fightin' in the Texas streets a la Chicago and New York (mace, clubs and all).

It happened Monday, Oct. 13, in Austin when the state troopers and local olunkers moved into the University of Texas Chuckwagon cafeteria to expel 300 people who sat-in in the wake of an administration ruling barring non-students. The demonstrators were in the process of abandoning the famous Austin cafe-hang out in lieu of an eminent bust when the cops arrived, pushed people back into the Chuckwagon, closed the doors and started swinging with their sticks and gas.

The whole scene poured out of the back doors of the student union and into Guadalupe Street where the crowd grew to 1,000, filled the rush hour street, stopping traffic and impeding the cops' attempts to load up two large vans with arrestees.

At last report there were eight busts for the home team (boo!) and a few bruises for the boys in blue (yee!). But the successful goal line stand at the University Chuckwagon — the first time this season the Austin Plg offensive has met serious resistance — broke establishment morale and built community spirits far out of proportion to the statistical evidence.

This latest event in the Austin people's struggle against the bad guys came only one week after the cops had cleared the path for bulldozers to Waller Creek's 200-year-old trees, making 27 arrests. (See last issue.)

The "non-students barred from Chuckwagon" ruling which led to the latest confrontation, stemmed from the behavior of patrons of the campus cafeteria when Austin police arrested an 11-year-old girl runaway there the week before. The girls' friends and curious onlookers demanded to see a warrant. This was never produced and the people proceeded to make her apprehension as difficult as possible for the plainclothes officers, one of whom drew his piece on the crowd.

From there on it was anybody's game, with students and non-students actively defending their common turf and three police forces (state, city and university) attempting to shut 'em down. The event ended after three days of battle, with the Chuckwagon closed down and

the eight persons in jail. Two people were charged with assaulting cops — Paul Spencer had two assault raps and Bill Meachum had one.

But most of the activity will be forgotten in a month, except by a few who will still face jail sentences as a result of those few days. And the event itself seems important only for a couple of reasons. First, why did the incident occur? What made the administration and the cops act exactly as they did when they did? And second, what does it mean that people fought the police? That's a pretty hairy turn, at least for Austin.

If people are becoming that mad, there must be something else going on. Riots against the police are quite acceptable coming from almost any black ghetto, but for white, middle-class southern students that's not like it used to be.

Neither of those questions has an easy answer, and both require an understanding of more than just the immediate incident.

The administration, first, has been hard pressed by opponents lately. Agitation against Regents Chairman Frank Erwin has continued for years, ever since The Rag first pointed up the conflict of interest inherent in his second job of State Democratic Party Com-

mittee Chairman. And though there used to be only a tiny band of agitators who thought that really mattered, today the anti-Erwin ranks are swollen to huge numbers, swollen mainly by Erwin's own blunders and insensitive power-wielding.

A student referendum on the Erwin issue had been set for the Wednesday after the cops' initial charge into the Chuckwagon. But on Tuesday it was announced that the referendum was being postponed "indefinitely" until the campus cooled down.

It was about this time too that some Yankee journalist uncovered evidence that a fat parcel of Texas real estate had been deeded free by the federal government to several LBJ cronies, shortly before the end of Lyndon's term of office. Among those lucky winners was . . . Frank Erwin.

So, scandal heaped upon bully-boy politics, Frank was having a rough go. The Chuckwagon blow-up was well timed to divert the heat from Erwin.

That's one theory of the incident. And certainly some theory is needed, because it seems unlikely that even the grossest stupidity could expect that two non-uniformed cops could kidnap a young girl from the middle of the Chuckwagon without some resistance.

Other theories include a growing antipathy towards the University community by local politicians and the elder townfolk. The campus and the Chuckwagon in particular look like — though seldom act like — the Berkeley of a few years back. All the things that threaten apple pie values are flourishing there: dope, sex, hair, you name it. Closing the Chuckwagon — or limiting it to students, faculty, staff and guests — wouldn't really stop what was going on, but it would remove a bit of University complicity in it. (Maybe; not many people bought the line that non-students had any corner on the offending practices.)

The action may also have been an attempt to intimidate people involved in the growing activism of UT. Some 11,000 people marched for the Moratorium in Austin, an awfully large minority for LBJ's home town.

Probably the impetus behind the Chuckwagon attack grew from all these factors, and probably nobody expected that a show of police force would be challenged as it was.

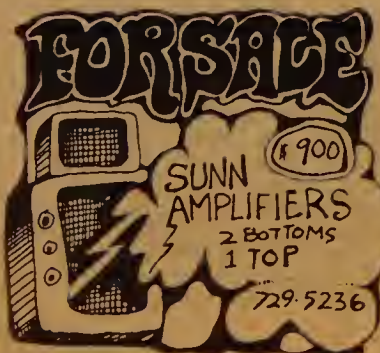
Which leads us to the second question: What's going on among the young people in Austin?

The fact is, not very much, or an

continued next page



Bill Meachum restrained by cops. photo by Belmer Wright



Bellaire Students Test School Paper Ban

Three Bellaire High School students had their day in court last week. They were requesting a temporary injunction from Federal Judge Joe Ingraham to prohibit the school from interfering with their production and distribution of "Plain Brown Watermelon," an independent student newspaper. They were also asking that disciplinary actions taken against them by the school be stopped and that they be allowed to return to school without penalty and to make up missed work.

The three students Julie Duke, Harrell Graham and Stuart Gitlin were "disciplined" (administrative jargon for suspended) in mid-October because they had been distributing copies of PBW. They were told they could come back to school if they promised to cease work on the newspaper and "change your attitude."

Stuart and Harrell returned to school a couple of weeks ago after making a temporary agreement with Principal Harlan Andrews. Julie is still out of school because Andrews refused to allow her to make up missed work and implied that he would make no effort to protect her from possible harassment by teachers and other students.

The attitude which the Bellaire administration finds in need of change is apparently a not sufficiently respectful and submissive brand of thinking. On the witness stand, Andrews repeatedly labeled the students as tools of a large organization of "Marxist-nihilists" (dialectical nothingness maybe he'd call it?) who are intent on destroying everything democratic in this society (his own description of the perfect school system is a "benevolent despotism"), and which apparently is centered about the office of Space City News (by day, a struggling underground newspaper; by night, dynamic world headquarters of the In-



International Marxist-nihilist conspiracy leader Lyman Padde (left) and friend. Photo by Metzler.

ternational Marxist-nihilist Conspiracy).

The attorney for Andrews and the School Board (co-defendants in the suit) took great pleasure in wringing from the students a confession that their real intent in publishing the newspaper was to "create controversy and dialogue." About 35 students who

came to watch the trial boggled over that point, straining to recall civics classes and stories of evil dictators who kept their regimes intact by stifling controversy.

The implication of the school administration's argument was: of course, this is a democracy; you're free to publish anything you want; but

you can't hand it out at school where all the students are and where "real learning" is going on, because that's disruptive." In other words: because you don't agree with us, your ideas can't possibly be as important as our "real learning," but go ahead and do anything you want as long as you're not effective.

Besides proving that the students intended to create "controversy and dialogue," the administration's defense couldn't find a lot more damning evidence. After establishing that Harrell used the pen name "Maynard" in PBW, the defense forged ahead by questioning Stuart about another suspicious byline:

"Stuart, are you Lyman?"

"Tell me (sinister pause), who is this Lyman?"

"Well, he's a little dog. He's white and has black spots and..." The remainder of Stuart's answer was drowned out by laughter. Imagine that. The International Marxist-nihilist Conspiracy directed by a dog.

Both lawyers will present rebuttals this week, and a decision will be handed down by Judge Ingraham within a couple of weeks.

Stay tuned to Space City News for the further adventures of Lyman and his Marxist-nihilist dupes.

Two additional events which occurred too late to be included in the above story:

Ricky Crawford, a Bellaire student who testified against the administration for the PBW suit, was suspended Monday, Nov. 17, ostensibly for his over-long hair. The last remark we heard from Ricky was riding down in the elevator after the trial. "Boy, are they gonna be after my ass on Monday," he said. True 'nuff.

Also on Monday, Federal Judge Woodrow Seals, acting in an unrelated but very similar case, enjoined Houston school officials from disciplining students who publish underground papers, unless the school has "narrowly drawn" rules concerning such papers.

The case before Judge Seals concerned "Phlashlyte," a paper printed and distributed last year by students at Sharpstown High School.

Austin...

continued from opposite

awful lot, depending on whom you talk to. Most of the old political groups have splintered, lost membership and become irrelevant (or at least, non-communicative) to many persons. The organization which possibly holds the largest membership on campus is the Student Mobilization Committee, but that group is concerned strictly with the war and seems to regard other issues, major or minor, as outside its purview.

There is a large segment of the University community (the distinction of students and non-students is an artificial construction and of absolutely no use in considering the dynamics on that campus) that thinks politics in the old sense (to them that includes "new left") is bullshit. At the same time, those people are intensely aware of themselves as a community and increasingly ready to fight to preserve their turf.

One sympathetic, but older, radical applauded the kids' determination and togetherness, but complained that they really don't understand what

they are fighting. They know who the enemy is, and they know that capitalism is bad, and imperialism, and racism, and maybe even male supremacy. But they have only a superficial conception of how those things work and inter-relate.

Unlike their new left counterparts many of these new activists were not in the top quarter of their high school graduation class — if they graduated at all — and most reject the penchant for analysis and organization that typifies radical groups.

It may be, however, that the absolute inability of those persons to handle full-blown confrontations such as Waller Creek or the Chuckwagon is suggesting to some the need for organization. At least two plans are circulating now. One for a coalition of existing political groups, and another for a student-faculty-staff union. Chances are that both of these proposals fall short of the broad-based organization that's really needed. And it may be that things are not really ready yet for any large organization.

But it does seem likely that things are moving in that direction, and if somehow people can only find that they have more in common than at variance, there may soon be a really big



batch of trouble for Erwin, LBJ and business as usual.

Though the University campus was seen as "too hot" to rationally consider the matter of Erwin's dismissal, things seemed cool enough to schedule a referendum for Friday, Nov. 14 on non-student use of the Texas Union facilities.

At that time students voted 7,397 to 4,643 to close Union eating places to non-students, and 6,389 to 5,666 to close all other union facilities to them.

What that says mainly is that there are many students (though certainly not an overwhelming majority) who still buy the notion that a university should be a thing separate and apart from the community in which it functions, a scholarly hermitage. For them the Chuckwagon was a bit too frenetic, a bit too crass.

On the other hand, there are several reasons to suspect that the vote may

not be an entirely accurate reflection of student opinion. Many people complained that the referendum was confusingly worded, so that a person who wanted the Chuckwagon to remain open

should have voted "no." There may have been more than a few votes miscast in that way.

Friday was also the weekend of the Washington Mobilization, and many students who might be sympathetic to keeping the Chuckwagon open were out of town. And then there were a number of students who argued that restricting admission to a public facility was not a democratic option, and urged others to boycott the referendum.

Meanwhile, there was a boycott of merchants along Guadalupe Street, the main commercial area around the University. Students hoped to pressure businessmen into pressuring the University. However, that boycott seemed only minimally successful before the referendum, and it's unclear what the fate of that scheme will be now.

HELP!
Send money for the
Chuckwagon Defense
Fund to Jim Simons,
1201 W. 24th St.
Austin, Texas



WE RISE UP WE RISE UP ANGRY WE RISE UP TOGETHER

when I was 5 my parents said "be a good little girl and you will get what's coming to you"
candy, petticoats and 5 little dolls were coming to me.
all dressed in pink and with curlers.
so I learned early.
my parents told me not to jump around crazy like little boys
and not to be loud-mouthed like my brother.
so I learned how to behave, walk nicely, talk softly,
and to say "thank you" whenever somebody asked how I was.
I never screamed "lousy, rotten-fuck you!"
I never did that.
but more things were coming to me.
When I was a teenager, my parents said "look-let's get that straight:
you are pretty-and not too bright. that's all right.
now go to school while you can."
school was awful-so I started looking around for a good man.
but there were problems.

I had pimples. people said that was normal.
but some of my girlfriends didn't have them. so pimples didn't seem
normal to me at all.

and now, I cook for my husband every day.
because my husband has to be fed.
he has to be fed well because he has to work 8 hours every day.
his work is important to him-since he has to do it anyway
it better be important-that's what he says,
therefore my cooking is important to keep him working well.
cooking does not feel like important work to me,
but you can't have it both ways-
and I have my husband.
when my husband is angry at his work and at his boss,
he gets angry at me.
when he gets angry at me,
I cook better food and more food
so that when he goes back to his work and his boss,
he is not angry anymore.
I, too, get angry when he is angry.
so I wash all the dishes, I scrub the floors,
and kill all the cockroaches
till I'm not angry at him or his boss anymore.
when my husband says "shut up" to me

I can't-
you motherfucking husband, you motherfucking boss of his,
you motherfucking guys on the streets, and that is every single one of
you-
with your snide remarks as if every woman
was a piece of meat on display in the supermarket-
you rotten city, you rotten government, you bloody war-machine-
you MOTHERFUCKERS GET OFF MY BACK
I just can't take all the shit anymore!!
I can't spend my time cooking specialties anymore
while napalm sets children afire.
I can't spend my time reading "woman's day" anymore
while my friends, left and right, are fighting in that bloody war.
I can't spend my time staring at "the Beverly hillbillies"
while my husband gets ordered around by a guy
who grows rich from that war.
and I won't spend my time lying to my children
and telling them to defend "America" anymore.
NO-I won't spend my time curling my hair
while the people on welfare starve to death
because Nixon needs more guns for Nixon's war.

I bought this stuff from Max Factor that I knew from TV. the commercials said that pimples were damaging to your personality. I spent whatever money I could get hold of on getting rid of them. because pimples are ugly. and if you are ugly— that's it!

yes, I wanted to have a nice personality and I had girlfriends who had nice personalities, and because our boyfriends at school always said we girls shouldn't get mixed up in their fights, I stuck to that. so I became very popular with the guys and very popular with the teachers, too, because I never got mixed up in any fights. I never got into trouble.

my parents like that. they got me some real nice dresses, in return, and my boyfriend would pay for the movies when we went out. but sometimes, when things were happening in the city, like the highschool-strike last year, I got frightened when I saw black girls give the fist-sign to black guys and heard them shout slogans. they even fought the cops in the streets. they also fought us when we wanted to go to school instead of shutting it down with them. that really frightened me. it frightened my girlfriends and the guys, too. it frightened all of us.

and all these people on welfare—all these black welfare mothers who make trouble and yell at Lindsay and throw rocks at Rockefeller. they don't act like they should act.

they don't act like we're supposed to act. they are not like we are—

and that frightens me.

I hate school—more or less—it's a drag.

and the teachers, too.

but that's the way things are; there is nothing I can do about it. so I won't do anything about it.

so that's the way things will remain, I guess.

sometimes, however, when my father threatens me, when my teachers screams at me, when my boyfriend slaps me—I wish I could be running in the streets, too, taking a rock and throwing it at all of them: at my father, my teachers, and my boyfriend.

for their screaming at me, their threatening me, their shutting me up, their ordering me around, for their SITTING ON ME.

GET OFF MY BACK YOU MOTHERFUCKERS— I FEEL LIKE THROWING YOU OFF OF ME!!!

but I never could do that.

instead I went to a city college for a few years, nearly became a teacher but got married instead.

otherwise hell would break loose. he says during the day he follows orders— so at night—it better be me following orders. I guess that makes sense.

when my husband hears the news on TV about all the chaos going on in this country and about the war, he gets upset. I get upset, too.

I get upset about anything that upsets my husband, so I tell him to ignore all the chaos, it's not worth the trouble. I bring him his beer, I put my arm around him. and we make love, if it's too late already but no good!

he hates that war because it's an ugly war without end—he says. I hate that war because it gets in the way. it destroys the peace, what little there was, between my husband and his boss. they disagree on that war. it destroys the pleasure my husband gets from TV. even the ballgame is no escape anymore.

instead of commercials in between,

they sometimes have news bulletins.

I hate that war because it got in the way of my husband and me.

each month, either the rent goes up

or the taxes or the doctor's bill.

I don't know whom to blame or what to do, but something better happen soon.

each month it seems, the more Nixon talks about that war,

the Vietnamese are only fighting that much more.

even when their huis are burned to the ground

and their fields destroyed,—

they are fighting for their freedom—they say.

each week in the supermarket the prices have changed.

I can't keep it up, my husband just doesn't make enough.

I can't even trust the guy in the grocery store anymore.

each week the blacks in the city are shutting down a school,

take over a hospital or a welfare-center.

even when they go to jail—

they are fighting for their freedom, they say.

each day when I cook I get angrier,

and killing cockroaches or washing the laundry

doesn't help anymore.

because cooking just isn't important if that's all you are doing,

besides cleaning the dishes and scrubbing the floor

and all that other stuff.

and shutting up when your husband tells you to.

all that doesn't make sense anymore.

I just hate the way I'm living.

it's dead, it feels rotten inside, it's a bore.

that war in Vietnam has started a war

between my husband and me

because—I just can't go on as usual anymore.

when politicians tour the city and ask how she is, while black and white GI's are shoved into stockades because they refuse to kill Vietnamese in that war.

I won't waste my life talking softly, walking nicely and staying away from trouble anymore.

I won't keep peace at home anymore.

I won't calm my husband down anymore with a beer and a ballgame.

if he is angry at his boss—I tell him to get angrier.

until he is angry enough to fight back

together with all the other guys, the black guys,

who are angry and who are fighting already.

if he is afraid and yells at me, instead—

I won't be there by the time he is finished yelling—

because we have work to do.

because no beer and no ballgame,

no niceness and pretiness is going to do shit for us!

nothing and no one can change the mess we're in

unless WE DO IT AND WE DO IT NOW!

unless we—like the Vietnamese, and the black people

and the GI's and the high school-students and the welfare-mothers.

unless we—

WOMEN—

rise up—rise up together and rise up angry.

unless we—

WOMEN—

fight—and fight—and fight harder

for everything that will set us free,

and the Vietnamese, and the blacks and all other people.

and now—that we have begun—there can be no stopping us,

until everything that has kept us and all people down—

COMES DOWN!!!

and that means:

dolls that prepare us for Max Factor

have to COME DOWN.

schools and teachers that make us accept

America's wars and its lies

have to COME DOWN.

all banks, landlords and doctors

who eat us up alive

have to COME DOWN!

Nixon and Laird and Mitchell, and all the other pigs,

the Pentagon with its generals and its bombs

WILL COME DOWN

because the Vietnamese are winning

and Nixon is losing that war.

and we are part of that war.

we will keep on fighting

until all occupation troops are out of Vietnam,

out of the schools, out of the black communities.

until all of these troops, these guns, these wars,

until these bosses

their threats, and our fears,

have COME DOWN.

until we—and all people are FREE!

Barbara Reilly

-- from Leviathan

Houston, Nov. 28

Farmworkers' Cesar Chavez To Lead Rally

By Susan Mithun

Cesar Chavez, leader of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC), will be in Houston on Friday, Nov. 28 to talk about the California grape strike and built support for the international boycott of table grapes.

He will speak at a rally at 8 p.m. in the Marion High School Auditorium at 4621 Gulfon. From 3 to 5 p.m. he and local supporters are tentatively planning to picket Weingarten's at 70th and Lawndale. (Weingarten's is the biggest chain store in the area that carries grapes.) At 7 p.m. Chavez and State Representative Lauro Cruz will probably appear on Ch. 8's A Hora Usted.

Chavez, with a background of farm work and poverty, established the National Farm Workers Association in 1962. In September, 1965, a strike began against 34 grape growers in the area of Delano, Calif.

Farm workers are not covered by the National Labor Relations Act and therefore cannot bargain collectively like other workers. They cannot petition the National Labor Relations Board

for elections to select a bargaining agent, who then must be recognized by the employer. The UFWOC has repeatedly asked for elections to prove that the workers want a union, and the growers have consistently rejected elections.

(There is legislation pending which would bring farm workers who work on farms making \$50,000 yearly or more under the National Labor Relations Act, but the powerful growers and their friends in the Senate and Congress plan to keep it from becoming a reality.

Since the growers refused to recognize and negotiate with the union, there was no alternative for the workers but to strike. Striking is very difficult for people with no money and no security, but necessary if they are ever to have job security and better working conditions.

It soon became evident, however, that the strike alone was not bringing enough pressure because the growers were able to replace the striking workers with scab labor—wetbacks and "green-carders" from Mexico, migrants from

Texas, and hungry local people who did not dare strike.

(A green-carder is an alien who holds a temporary visa to work in this country—a green card. Department of Labor regulations state that green-carders cannot be permitted to work where there is a labor dispute or where they could "adversely affect" the domestic labor force.

In spite of this regulation, and in full view of the Justice Department and Immigration Department, who are supposed to enforce it, the growers have even gone so far as to send their own buses right to the border to load up green-carders looking for work in the states.

The strike breakers make a successful strike difficult and the boycott therefore very important.

In June, 1966, the National Farm Workers Association signed an agreement with Schenley Industries in which, among other things, Schenley agreed to recognize the NFWA as the sole bargaining agent for its workers and to raise the hourly wage 35 cents per hour (from \$1.40 to \$1.75 per hour). This was the first contract between field workers and employer in the history of farm labor in the United States.

In August, 1966, the NFWA merged with the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee to form the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, AFL-CIO.

Since that time several contracts have been signed, and others are being negotiated. The success has been mainly with wine grape growers, as those particular brands of wine have been successfully boycotted. However, in order to avoid the boycott, some growers switched their production from wine grapes to table grapes, and others put their wine or grapes out under other growers' labels. This, as well as the fact that it is difficult to distinguish between different brands of table grapes, make it necessary to boycott all table grapes.

Much of the union's activity has been against Giumarra Vineyards Inc., the largest grower of table grapes in the world. Giumarra has sales of at least \$12 million per year. He owns 19 square miles of land (over 12,000 acres). At peak harvest he hires 2,500 workers.

Giumarra is one of the "Delano Bunch," the big and powerful table grape growers of Delano. They are the strongest enemy of the farm workers. They have sought court and legislative action to destroy the union, created front groups to propagandize against it and pressured the smaller

growers to shun negotiations.

Some smaller growers have speculated that the huge growers actually look forward to the financial loss that the boycott brings because then the smaller growers might go broke, and the big corporate vineyards can buy them out, creating fewer and bigger ranches, and fewer competitors.

The federal government, particularly the Defense Department, has aided these growers in their attempt to destroy the union by buying the scab grapes for distribution to the armed forces. The Army has increased its shipments of grapes to Vietnam by 800% since the boycott started. They have sent about eight pounds of grapes per man this year. They claim this is a "neutral" response. Last summer, the Defense Department submitted a list of grape growers from whom they were purchasing grapes to a Senate investigating committee. Guess who was at the top of the list? Giumarra Vineyards.

One of the union's increasing concerns is the use of pesticides by the growers. More than 100 million pounds of pesticides are dumped on California fields every year. These include nerve gasses and DDT. Over 100 tons of DDT are sprayed annually over grape vineyards. More workers than ever before are suffering from chemical poisoning, and DDT is accumulating in the bodies of workers and consumers both.

Neither washing nor cooking can completely destroy pesticide residues, which are stored in the cells of plants and animals, including humans. DDT concentrations in the body have been linked with cancer, leukemia and other diseases. Because of the federal government's friendship with the growers, nothing has been done to curb the use of these deadly pesticides or to warn the public of their danger. The union is working for pesticide control through the courts and through its contracts.

Here in Houston there has been discussion of filing suit against the stores which sell the poison-sprayed grapes.

The farm workers' struggle is a very moderate one. All they're asking for are the same things that other workers now have (theoretically)—the right to collective bargaining, higher wages, grievance procedures, job security, health insurance and an end to discrimination. Most of the farm workers in California are Mexican-American and Filipino-American. The fact that most of the farm workers across the country are black and brown has

continued next page



Cesar Chavez. Photo by George Ballis.



A young striker pickets. Support the farm workers. Don't buy grapes. Photo by George Ballis.

"SEA OF FREEDOM"

Look at my blood as it
spills into the streets of
Saigon or San Antonio,
It does not really matter
where the war was started
But it's here and we're fighting,
look at my blood as it
leaves this dying moreno,
DAMN YOU DEMOCRACY
You sit on your pompous Ass
waiting to finish us off.
If you can't use Asia then
southern Texas will do
or how about Colorado
or Utah and If you have
time visit Michigan
with your stupid equality,
Now with our blood in the sea
we say Chicanos want to be free.

-Juan Valdez
Denver, Colo.



"Democracy Your Sister's A Whore"

democracy where have you hidden
you. . . . democracy you have de-
serted us
where is your sister justice who
speaks so much and does so little
I tell you shes a whore
taking those who pay the best.
And you democracy hide
from the world of reality,
A Brown man searched for
your brother equality
and was told its a concept.
Democracy you lied to us
you said that you weren't
just a paper and pen
but that you were
of freedom born
to show others how to live,
democracy we missed you
and some how no longer understand
you
and you wonder why I say
that I wait for the Chicano Day!!
-anonymous
Denver, Colo.



Celebrating Chicano Liberation Day in Denver,
Sept. 16. Photo by Marianne Hernandez/Militant.

From previous page

certainly contributed to the denial of
these basic rights to farm workers for
so long.

Success in this struggle will not bring
any significant shift in wealth or power.
It will not change the system that fa-
vors the large agribusinesses at the
expense of the workers and the small
growers. But it will at least mean
some dignity and security for the
workers that must exist in this sys-
tem. It is an important struggle to
the many farm workers in this coun-
try who do the hardest work and
still live in the worse poverty—while
some of their employers rake in mil-
lions from their labor and govern-
ment subsidies.

DON'T BUY GRAPES!

Jesus Cavazos, a farm worker from
the Coachella Valley in California, is
organizing the boycott in Houston. If
you can help in any way, (picketing,
leafletting, donating time, money or
supplies), contact him at:

Grape Boycott Office
1135 Quilman Street
Houston, 77009
224-9450

Vietnam Soliloquy

by Lionel Castillo

SCENE: A skinny young man wearing
a white t-shirt and khaki pants is sitting
at a table reading his Greetings.

Aln't this something? Uncle Sam
wants me to take on the Vietnamese.

Look out, gooks, here comes Gon-
zalo Rodriguez Gonzales y Sanchez,
El Supermacho. (Flexes his muscles)
Maybe I'll be a hero. After all, my
uncle was a big hero in World War II
and my Uncle Joe got lots of medals
in Korea. Course it did cost him a leg...

But it's kind of funny, you know.
Here I am: too skinny for football, too
dumb for college, too poor for travel,
too short for basketball, too slow for
track -- but just right for Vietnam.

Some of you guys think I'm probably
crazy. Well, the rich Anglos, they'll
stay here and really make it. Like that
cat, Tom, he's so damn big, he'll go
to college on a football scholarship.

My cousin Carlos, he's been over
there. Says the gooks are more our

size. Says most gringos are too big
to fight well. They make such big
targets -- and they smell real bad.
Carlos even said the chicks there like
Mexicans better than gringos. That's
all right with me.

They should send ol' Janie Smith.
That girl's almost tough enough to play
for the Green Bay Packers. One time
she slapped Tom around -- and him
All-State.

When that guy Dr. Garcia was in
town last month he said that I'd be
worth more to my family dead than
alive. Well, \$10,000 would make the
Sanchez family the richest in the bar-
rio. Maybe Mama could stop scrub-
bing floors. Maybe some of the kids
could go to college. Shit, little Joey
he could be a damn doctor or lawyer
or somethin'. That kid's got brains.

And maybe they'd be a picture of me
here at home, where Mama could still

say her rosary and make sure the dev-
il puts me on a good job down there.
Well, the high school might even have
a special program for me. That chick-
en-shit Mr. Smith might even get up
and tell a few lies about how good I
was in school.

Nah, this kind of thinking ain't too
cool.

The odds are in your favor. Lots of
guys have gone and the only ones killed
so far are, let's see ... Juan Belmar-
ez, Jose Castillo, Andres Rodriguez,
Pablo Torres, and That's too damn
many!

Man, face up to it, Juan Sanchez.
You got to fight.

(Vietnam Soliloquy was
read by Andy Vasquez of
MAYO at the Nov. 9 rally
in Hermann Park.)

Marxisms



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Fantastic Realist At St. Thomas

By Gary Chason

Man's environment once was defined by topographical configuration, meteorological conditions, the orbit and spin of the earth—things that existed long before man evolved. There was a natural balance between these elements such that life was possible, but from that very life emerged a new element, man made, to intrude upon that balance and change it—technology.

Technology is not unnatural, since it was a logical development of man's intelligence, and man's intelligence was the product of natural evolution. But

cies insane enough to toy with its own destruction does not deserve the purity that the term "human" connotes. He corroborates his term by painting all his humanoid figures stark white, conferring upon them a "sense of remoteness, mystery and tranquility. . . turning them from earthly into celestial pawns," as the notes for the show appropriately state.

Instead of dealing with the entire human body, he concentrates on specific parts of it, amputating them to illustrate that all media, in the an-



technology has by now so affected the natural balance that life sustaining environment, the ecological balance, is being destroyed.

The extinguishing of this phenomenon of life on this planet, surely a rarity in a universe of planets as barren as the moon, looms as the overwhelming tragedy of our age, and perhaps the interplanetary, or even intergalactic, catastrophe of this millennium. Since the perpetrator of this all too likely disaster is a conscious being and thus has foreknowledge of his own imminent doom, the tragedy is all the more profound.

Paul Van Hoeydonk, sculptor, is a prophet of this possible doom. The show of his work, "Spaced Out," which is at the Contemporary Arts Museum, University of St. Thomas, focuses on one particular phase of the technological environment, space technology. It is a good aesthetic choice since a totally technological environment is a prerequisite for exploration of space and a totally technological environment is the best milieu from which to draw to make his points. Van Hoeydonk demonstrates to us the danger we are in now by showing us the future result of present trends. Underneath his clinical examination, there is a strong tone of fear—fear of future technology, terror at the speculation of biological life in a technological world.

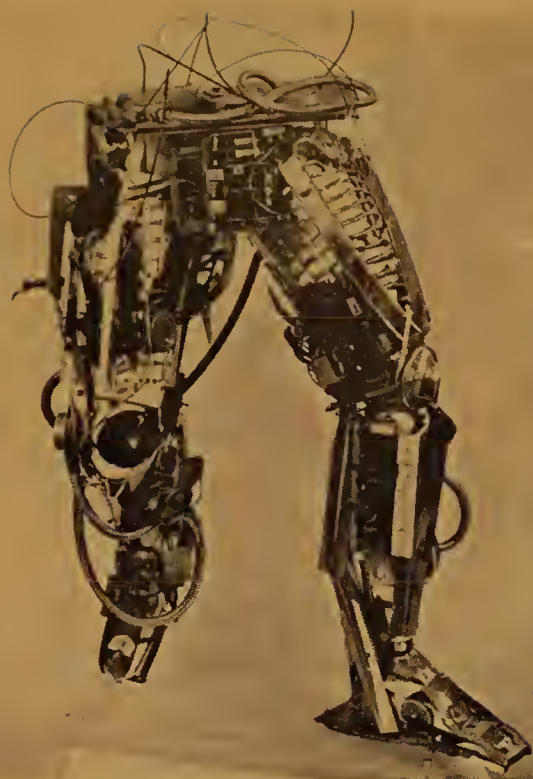
He has a new word for man in this kind of environment, CYB-Homo Cybneticus — which makes the human form seem merely humanoid. A spe-

thropomorphic sense, are amputations of physical faculties. I was struck immediately by two heads, sprouting ganglia of wires and electronic apparatus. In a sculpture titled "The Take-off" there were four seated torsos (the part of the body most affected by the rigors of blast-off); poised for the jolt, one with his hand on the lever.

A sculpture entitled "Great Mutants with Gun" is most aptly commented upon by Jan van der Marck in the notes. "The 'mutants,' space-age babies whose chromosomes have been altered by radiation, engage in unchildlike activities like manning cannons, steering vehicles, and operating mechanical devices. It is a frightening glimpse into a future world populated by precocious minds imprisoned in retarded bodies condemned to control, maintain and defend an automated but always capricious environment."

Van Hoeydonk has constructed a series of "Cities of the Future" out of nuts and bolts and other mechanical paraphernalia. They are sterile, hermetically sealed by blue tinted plastic and have more the look of factories than dwellings. It is interesting how Van Hoeydonk makes the microcosm, nuts and bolts, recapitulate and comment upon the macrocosm, a city, in which nuts and bolts are among the smallest units.

If I have a quarrel with the show, it is that Van Hoeydonk does not always thoroughly examine the way in which



technology is an extension of brain and body. For example, in dealing with CYB feet, he does not explore at all the fact that feet are primarily media of transportation. Their function is more mechanical than electronic, which Van Hoeydonk fails to demonstrate.

For materials, Van Hoeydonk raids supermarkets and hardware stores, working in all manner of modern gadgetry into the context of his sculpture. He is an archeologist of the future commenting upon the present, and using the gadgets of today. Paint, canvas, marble and clay have little to do with the world we live in, but plastic, chrome, levers, gears, wires, transistors and such are everywhere.

Van Hoeydonk does not consider himself a surrealist, but prefers the term "fantastic realist." He is making an honest, unflinching projection into the future, and what he sees is not altogether good.

It is way past time for this "progress" happy culture to have some

of the insights, the visions, that Paul Van Hoeydonk has had. If enough people would reach his level of consciousness, the cosmic crime that we humans are about to commit may not come to pass after all.

At first appraisal, Van Hoeydonk's interest in future technological tragedy seems to arise from morbid curiosity; it's as if he were titillated by his own death wish.

But his fascination is a valid one. There is a good side to technology, otherwise it wouldn't be so extensively used by mankind. Technology, correctly applied, can be a basic tool for our future emancipation — easing pain, reducing or eliminating work.

It's this two-sided nature of technology that Van Hoeydonk is sensitive to, and it is the complex source from which he draws his tragedy.

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THE BAND AIN'T HYPE!

by JACK LYNE

Gosh whiz, it used to be so easy to be a far-out, heavy, outtasite, rock-a-rock-a star.

The rules of rock were flaccid for awhile and some terribly mediocre musicians scaled the hype-strewn path to the rock pantbeon.

The unholy hype that surrounded such groups as the ear shattering atrocity calling themselves the MC5 called for a standard set-up including an amp army, foreboding stage presence, and a pervasive group mystique (Now the Doors are just one big collective mass of Californiaism, mysticism, dadaism, and fetishism, right? Right, and Eldridge Cleaver is a CIA front).

In fact, the brown-paper cover edition of Webster's Rock and Roll Stage Wiles advises the rising young star upon reaching the stage of the Fillmore East to do as follows:

"Step 1: Look very stoned. Wander around the stage aimlessly. If you forget the lyrics, give the peace sign. Step 2: Turn up your amps full blast, stomp the wah-wah pedal and grab off all the feedback possible. This way no one can really hear you. Step 3: For a finale, imagine your cheapest amp is the proverbial white underbelly of, say, Grace Slick and that your own heavy, heavy guitar is, in McLuhanesque terms, an extension of your own magic twanger. Step 4: Get it on."

Good fun for all, that's what it was. Good fun, yes, but often sickeningly pedestrian music.

Part of the hype problem lies in the slow development of rock, the nerve center of the alternative life-style, as a para-country club cult. With large segments of the rock audience the emphasis has shifted from listening and enjoying to Making the Scene.

Countless young consumers succumbed to the exploitation of rock (Woodstock promo man and former heavy dealer Mike Lang is the archetypal hype-man) and placidly accepted seeing groups with crowds from 20,000 to 300,000 in the midst of unbelievable conditions and non-acoustics.

But never mind if you couldn't hear, much less see, rock groups in such situations. You could recognize a couple of cuts from the album, and people up front could later describe what actually happened on stage and, I mean, well, it was The Place To Be And You Were There.

In the sales section groups with terribly limited repertoires became, via the marketing mania, groupie meat: The Iron Butterfly (Minnie Mouse on a belladonna jag), Three Dog Night (Wow, what a clever name, and man, three lead singers, all bad.), and the Doors (the brilliant promise of the 1967's "The End" has been methodically debauched. The current "Soft Parade" will likely be the

group's artistic epitaph.)

In the midst of the piles of such shallow promo droppings, THE BAND stands like Albert Camus surrounded by the entire staff of Sixteen Magazine.

Yet, it would be a lie to shake the words awake and spin a non-linear word web around this, the second album by THE BAND, for their music is first and foremost honest.

Descriptions of The Band's product will inevitably fail, as verbalizations of all good things (sex, sleep, laughter) always fail.

If labels must be grafted on to the five-man band, they are perhaps best described as country-oriented. Their normal musical line-up features Garth Hudson on organ, Richard Manuel on piano, Levon Helm on drums, Rick Danko on bass and Jaime Robbie Robertson on guitar. Manuel, Helm and Danko share the vocals.

The Band's material is home-grown and uniquely their own. This album was recorded in a rented home in Los Angeles, much in the fashion of the Catskills-produced "Music from Big Pink." All twelve songs were written by band personnel (Robertson handles the bulk of the composing chores, assisted on occasion by Manuel and Helm), and Robertson and John Simon produced the album in the rented L. A. home without the extensive over-dubbing and 60-piece orchestras that are so often used to cover the weaknesses of the other groups.

The twelve cuts that make up "THE BAND" often resemble some oral tradition handed down through the centuries by mountain-men. Yet, throughout the band's work there is an aura of authenticity and currency that give the music a gaping agelessness and placelessness.

Despite their down-home sound, the music of the band is wonderfully obscure. With each listening the cryptic lyrics, like those of early Dylan, come to take on different meanings, unfolding new levels of human consciousness.

The lead vocals of Helm, Danko, and Manuel occasionally rise like some stoned country choir, as in "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down", (a Civil War epic) and "Whispering Pines". There is also the wonderfully vague apocalypse of "Look Out Cleveland", and the wry earthiness of "Jemima Surrender" and "Up On Cripple Creek" (the latter containing such lines as, "Me and my mate, we were back at the shack, we had Spike Jones on the box. She said, I can't take the way he sings, but I love to hear him talk."

Throughout the album, there is seldom a superfluous line, seldom a wasted riff. Yet, in the midst of this very economical music there is very open humanism, an admission that we are not forever to be

young psychedelic kings going out to hip the world to our heavy, far-out selves, but, instead the notion that we are, indeed, busy being born, busy laughing, crying and being, all hanged or hangable.

Thankfully, the lowering of the decible range by groups such as The Band has not produced the saccharine thickness that doomed earlier exponents of rock's hard gone soft. For instance, Simon and Garfunkle fairly wallowed in syrupy self-pity and Richie Havens and Donovan, for all their talent, occasionally donned the clear plastic raincoat of the pollyanna.

The newer crop of quieter musicians is made up of experienced, component musicians who have somehow wandered through all this hollow hype without losing their integrity. The Band, four Canadians and Arkansas boy Levon Helm, spent five years as "The Hawks" backing Ronnie Hawkins (soon back on the recording scene after signing a \$200,000 pact with Atlantic), and one year backing wheel-on-fire Bob Dylan (the group also will reportedly back Dylan on his forthcoming American tour).

Likewise, Crosby, Stills and Nash (now augmented by the immense presence of Neil Young) have been on the scene since the early sixties.

Even such a long-time stalwart as John Mayall, England's grand old man of the blues, has eschewed the ego-freak, super-noise school and come across with a brilliant drummerless group and a solid album, "The Turning Point," Mayall's finest effort since his early 1965 recordings with Eric Clapton.

The Mayall group utilizes acoustic guitars, very soft saxophone and flute stylings (done extremely well by Johnny Almond), bass and the harmonica, slide guitar and vocals of Mayall. In concert all four performers are plugged into a single amplifier. Audiences simply have to listen to hear them. Surprisingly, they are doing exactly that.

The result of the new directions of musicians such as The Band, Mayall, and Crosby, Stills, Nash (pause), and Young is an intricate, listenable, very human style of music. It became rather wearying to sit in shell-shocked subservience while one of the 8,243 self-proclaimed heaviest guitarists around hammered through bursts of intensity to inform all that they, like the American male prototype, have mountains of hair on their chests and sweat a lot. Of course, so does Lassie.

However, we have not seen the end of rock's super-noise school and that is all to the good, for there are still some very vivid, very strong groups who play both well and loud (The Jeff Plane, the new rock's grand old family, is perhaps the best example).

Hopefully, the more relaxed school of contemporary music men will eliminate some of the hype-created plastic men who have come to be objects of desperately offered adoration.

Perhaps some rock fans will even drop back five and listen to the unhip, unheavy, unfarout, but very real music of Fred Neil (listed in Webster's Wiles under "miscellaneous").

--from the Blue Tail Fly

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Address your questions about dope to Brian Grant, Space City News.

Q: What drug can you buy at a drug-store to stop a trip when it turns bumner?

A: None of the widely effective contrahallucinogens—including Thorazine, Stelazine, Mellaril, Navane, Nardil, Tofranil, Librium, Elavil, Vivactil, Aventyl and many others—is available without a prescription. A few over-the-counter drugs have been effective for a few people, but I suspect that the psychological effects of taking something like Compoz outweigh the chemical ones.

Many of the tranquilizers and anti-depressants listed above are available from underground sources (or by prescription) and the time to obtain such drugs is before you need them. A few fast working trip terminators should be part of the pharmacopia of any responsible acid head, particularly if you have contact with beginners or if you plan to drop around unfamiliar people or surroundings.

The best protection against a bad trip is proper preparation, not more drugs. A beginner who knows his guide and his surroundings and who has been reassured that what he is experiencing is (1) temporary; he will come all the way back and (2) "normal"; he's not the first person who ever felt so strange—will rarely have an unpleasant trip.

Experienced heads usually follow a few rules to assure a desirable environment. First, when in doubt...

don't. There is always another day. Second, minimize the responsibilities. If you have dinner to cook or errands to run, get them over with before you start. Third, avoid unanticipated hassles. If obnoxious friends drop over just as you are coming on, politely send them away. You can call them tomorrow, but right now you want to preserve the situation you have chosen.

This does not mean that one should hide in his pad to avoid distractions; some of the finest settings are turbulent and chaotic; Sunset Strip on Saturday night, Mardi Gras Tuesday, the magic weekend at Woodstock... the idea is to select the environment and swing with it. Just have a friend along to screen out the hassles and do the driving when you venture out into the world.

Q: I've heard the hyperventilating boosts on a high. How does this work?

A: Deep, rapid breathing can more than triple the free oxygen in the blood stream. This causes a brief period of hypermetabolism all over the body, and is experienced as a flash reminiscent of cocaine activation. It has nothing to do with "boosting" a high, however, but it is felt more intensely when stoned, just like most sensations are.

Q: My girl friend has been having flashbacks for several weeks since

taking LSD one time in September. How long will these things last and what can we do about it?

A: You have not given me enough information. There are three general classes of flashbacks: sometimes synaptic matrices have been reprinted during the period of serotonin in level reduction. If so, the normal process of recovery will require cognitive re-education and could take weeks.

Othertimes the brain has learned a trick for adrenochrome production paired with specific triggering stimuli. Adrenochrome is related to the tryptamines, but usually requires exhaustive discipline for its generation (such as fasting on a mountain top while chanting sacred poetry and contemplating your navel). If this is the case, she needs only to develop conscious control of the triggering mechanism to turn it off and on at will. I have been seeking this kind of mastery for some time, and envy her.

Another possibility is that she consumed sufficient calories during and before her trip that traces of LSD escaped deterioration in the form of subcutaneous fat, which is being randomly released along with blood sugar. A crash diet with exercise for a day or two will burn it off.

All of these categories are still pretty theoretical, and there are other theories. If things don't stabilize soon, get a message to me to contact you personally.

Q: I've heard of some kind of acid called Blue Smear. Could you please tell me what this is made of and what effects it has on you? P.S. Please

let everyone know all this crap will really mess you up—I'm experienced:

A: I have never encountered Blue Smear. (You might be thinking of Blue Cheer, which was LSD-STP in large bluish caps, but this has not been around in some time.) It helps if you describe the pill.

P.S. Children, it is true. This crap can really mess you up. LSD is my religion, and I believe that it offers the greatest vehicle for human growth and development yet discovered; but it is nonetheless the most powerful drug known to science, and it can be dangerous.

To derive the most from LSD, it should be approached with understanding and respect. Gobbling hallucinogens for the kick of feeling wierd and grooving on the pretty colors is great fun. Cool. Outasight. But the rush and the fireworks are only a trivial part of what it's all about. Youth, in its fearless impatience, plunges in, consuming massive doses, wiring in to seven day trips by hawking every two hours, mixing incompatible drugs and furiously grasping at the next colossal kick;

and in the process, completely missing the boat.

It's not in the magic pill, it's in your mind. Slow down, let your mind take shape, then explore it. Please, please people: don't use LSD as a status symbol ("You took 2000 mikes? Well, I've taken 3000!") or as a ticket to acceptance or an escape from boredom or an implement of psychological suicide. No one should be harmed by LSD... but a list of casualties is beginning to mount.



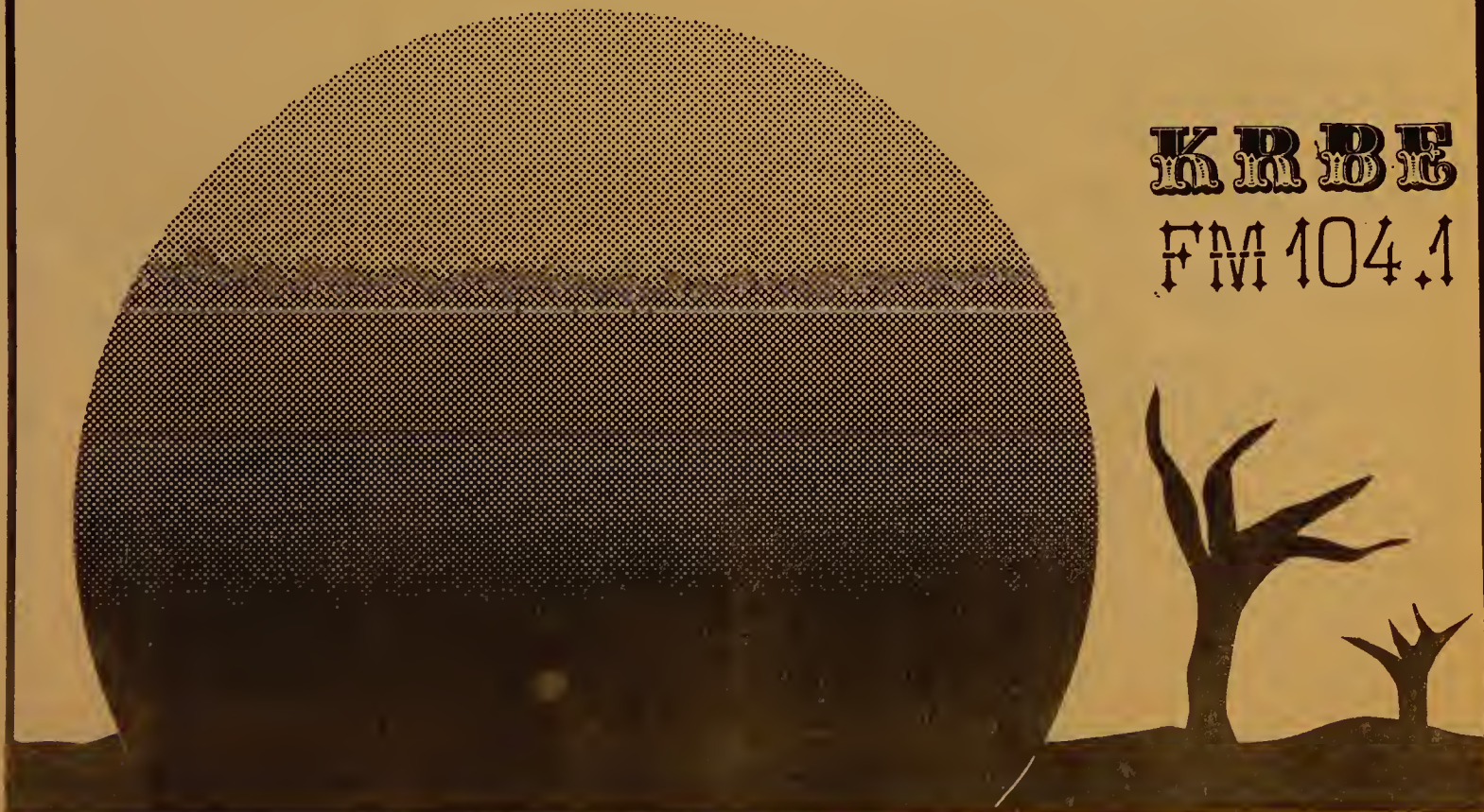
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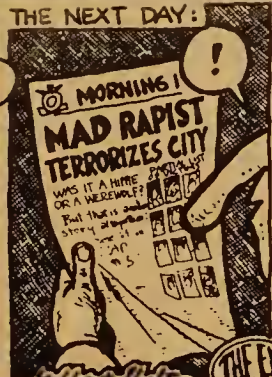
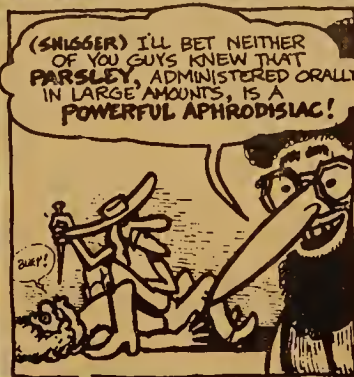
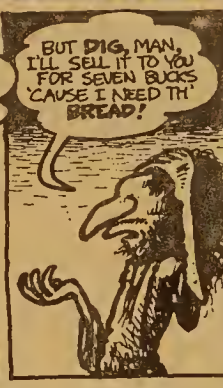
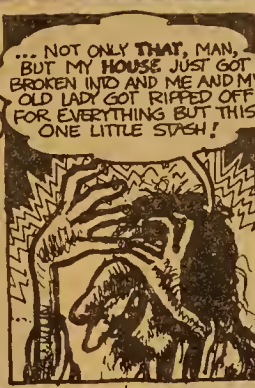
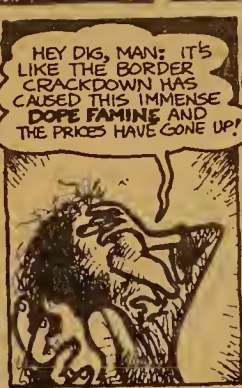
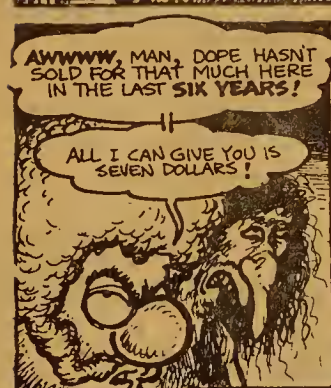
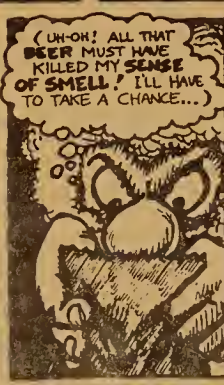
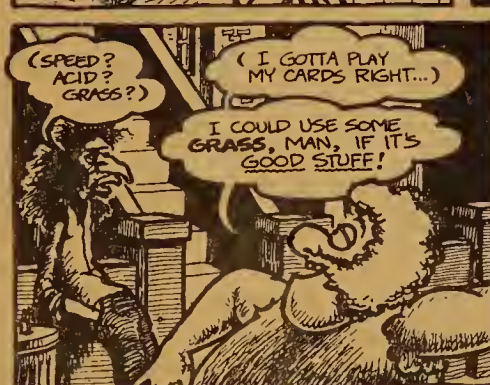
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Levy...

continued from 5

have coffeehouses at every post and also some GI's are frightened of going into the coffeehouses because they're being intimidated and harassed — the Brass is terrified of coffeehouses. For example, the UFO at Ft. Jackson, we are reliably informed, has 43 separate bugs in it.

You have to realize the extreme measures that the Army has taken to prevent us from opening them up first, and from keeping the established ones open. People have been trying to open one up at Camp Pendleton in Ocean-side, Calif., now for months, and they can't find a place because every realtor they go to has been visited first by the FBI. The UFO recently had its fire insurance cancelled; the Ft. Dix coffeehouse was recently taken to court for non-payment of rent and for being a public nuisance, both charges fabrications. About the same time a state grand jury started an investigation of "subversives" in Muldraugh, Kentucky; the coffeehouse staff refused when called to testify and

four of them were still in jail as of last week. The coffeehouse has also been firebombed twice in the last month.

Now, that's pretty heavy repression, and it has become a general pattern — throughout the country. Much of that repression is without a doubt instigated by the Army.

DO YOU THINK THE GROWTH OF THE GI MOVEMENT IS DUE TO INCREASED ORGANIZING EFFORTS, OR IS IT A REFLECTION OF A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS ALL AROUND THE COUNTRY?

I think it is a combination of the two. There's no question that the GI is affected very much by what happens outside the military, and that's why the demonstration in Houston on Nov. 9 was very significant for the GI. He has to know that there's support out there for him. He's fighting a very lonely battle — he's the one on the firing line and he's being punished and harassed.

People like Bruce "Gypsy" Petersen from Fort Hood, Texas, who was sentenced last year to eight years in prison on a phoney marijuana bust. What happened to Petersen has happened to other GI organizers — some are sent to the stockade, some are sent to Vietnam, some are isolated as Joe Miles was in Anchorage, Alaska.

And when they get in the stockade, like what happened to Richard Chase (who refused riot training at Ft. Hood a month ago), Chase was put in what the Army calls the "box" and was beaten up rather brutally by stockade guards four times last week. You have to understand that the GI, to put up with that kind of intimidation, has to know that there are people outside who support him. It seems to me that the theme of the anti-war movement this year ought to be "Support Our Soldiers."

WHAT DO YOU HEAR ABOUT GI MORALE IN VIETNAM?

Donald Duncan just came back from Vietnam and he said the only word you can use to describe morale in Vietnam now is "lethargic." He said, for example, that if a man is asked to guard a 600-foot perimeter, he may go out 60 feet. Nobody he saw in Vietnam was taking any chances if they could possibly help it. And when guys come back from there, those are the best soldiers to recruit for an organized opposition to the war in Vietnam because they all oppose the war. They've been there and they know what it's all about — most of them have very strong feelings about getting the U. S. out immediately.

Selective Servitude

Part 4 of a series

General Lewis B. Hershey, National Director of the Selective Service System, has recently been "kicked upstairs" by Nixon, effective February, 1970. Nixon no doubt wants to replace Hershey with someone who will present a more liberal front but who will continue to get the Army the GIs it needs. To be fair to Hershey, though, we thought it would be a good idea to let him tell you in his own words just what he's been trying to do for the last few (20) years. All quotations are taken either from Hershey's famous Selective Service Memorandum on Channeling or from his testimony before the House Armed Services Committee hearings in June, 1967.

The Selective Service System has an enormous surplus of registrants. 1.8 million guys will turn 18 next year; there are about 15 million draft-aged (18 thru 25) men now. Hershey's Selective Service System has been controlling this manpower flood by means of a system of deferments and disqualifications

"...at that time (1963) we had so many individuals that we thought if we could defer them for some reason we had more control over them than if we just had them in 1-A and couldn't use them."

The manipulation of these deferments and disqualifications (known in the official jargon as the "classification process") is extensive, and results in the channeling of manpower into many endeavors and occupations; activities that are in the national interest as conceived by the Selective Service System and the Local Boards.

"The club of induction has been used to drive out of areas considered to be less important to the areas of greater importance in which deferments were given, the individuals who did not or could not participate in activities which were considered essential to the Nation."

"To give effect to this philosophy, the classifying boards of the Selective Service System defer registrants determined by them to be necessary in the national, health, safety, or interest."

The most important classifications in this channeling process have been 2-A, 2-S, 1-D, and 4-F & 1-Y. The 2-A Occupational deferment is pretty straightforward. It provides industry and business with the skilled men it needs.

The 2-S Undergraduate Student deferment gives guys a chance to get training that would make them valuable to the Nation. This is a truly temporary deferment because a student must make "satisfactory progress" (for example, 25% of a degree per year). As a result, if you have to drop out to work or if you have to work and can't go full-time you lose your 2-S. Also no one over 23 can get a 2-S. General Hershey has always been a strong supporter of student deferments:

"...we are deferring individuals so they would be more valuable to the government, and we intend to use them as we need them, rather than letting them go to college merely because they care to themselves."

"...specialists are going to have to be deferred, first of all to make them specialists. I think you should keep a string on them so if you want to use them you can and you can compel them to stay where you want them because you have a string on them and if they don't stay where they should, then you put them where you can be sure that you use them."

The 1-D or Reserves classification is one of the biggest categories. When the reserves were first begun in 1955 the House committee report on the bill (Reserve Forces Act of 1955) called it a "control factor" over the manpower pool. It was a device for soaking up the manpower surplus, while helping sustain the myth of the universality of military service and giving its members

some military orientation. The Reserves are still largely barren of military necessity; the outstanding exception to this is the use of the National Guard in the ghettos and on the campuses across the nation.

The classifications 4-F and 1-Y are for men who are unhealthy, un-trainable, or likely to be an administrative problem to the military. The criteria for these categories are flexible, and the large fluctuations in the rejection rate (37% during the Korean War, 56.1% in 1963, 57.9% in 1964, 40% in 1965 after the Vietnam escalation) have shown that the health of world affairs is at least as important as the health of the prospective GI.

To sum up in Hershey's words:

"Delivery of manpower for induction, the process providing a few thousand men with transportation to a reception center, is not much of an administrative or financial challenge. It is in dealing with the other millions of registrants that the system is heavily occupied, developing more effective human beings in the national interest."

This whole process of channeling has supposedly been kept close to the people by vesting a great deal of discretionary power in the Local Draft Boards, comprised of part-time volunteers in each local community across the nation. Next issue we will see just who these "little groups of neighbors" are, how they are appointed, and who they have been drafting.

As a public service to Selective Service registrants in Houston, we have listed in past issues the names, addresses and occupations of local draft board members in Harris County. Thus far we have listed draft boards 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, and 290. If you wish to know your board better and you missed the issue in which it was listed, all back issues are available at Space City News, 1217 Wichita.

Local Board 291

Harvey C. Evans, 72 retired, former employee
Rt. 1 Box 343, of Humble Oil Co.
Tomball, Tex.

E. Jack Walton, 60 Pres, Walton & Son Stevedoring
302 Timberwilde and Contracting, Walton Trucking
465-6826

Homer D. Brown (unknown)

Medical Advisor:
Dr. Henry N. Gemoets
2022 West Main
Greer Clinic
529-6371

Government Appeal Agent:
William L. Kemper, 72
3119 Ferndale
529-1079
attorney, The Kempers
609 Fannin, Rm 317

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CIA..

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throw the government. Cuba had to be an example of U.S. retaliation, not a living inspiration for liberation of the rest of Latin America, Asia and Africa. JFK gave the signal the next year, and the result was the smashing defeat of the invasion at the Bay of Pigs.

Iran

In 1951 Premier Mossadagh led the people of Iran in a desperate attempt to escape the despotism of the Shah and his U.S. employers. But when Mossadagh nationalized oil, he was confronted with a world-wide boycott set up by American oil corporations. Close to the sale of Iran's oil to Japan, Mossadagh was overthrown in August 1953 by a CIA-led coup that returned the Shah to power. The U.S. followed with \$84 million in aid, paid of course by the taxes of the American working people. Iran receives a \$600 million yearly national income from its oil that is extracted, while the Shah spends more than \$500 million each year to maintain his army — and his throne.



POLI CIA

Kermit Roosevelt, son of FDR, was the main planner and coordinator for the CIA coup in Iran. He soon found himself a vice president of Gulf Oil, one of the four corporations involved in the rape of Iran's resources and people, and also in charge of a new "research institute" on the Middle East.

Sources: The Politics of Oil, Robert Engler; The Invisible Government, David Wise and Thomas Rose; Nation's Business, September, 1967.

Vietnam

CIA involvement in Vietnam has been extensive for over 15 years. One period, though, stands out most glaringly. Following the Eisenhower administration's refusal to abide by the 1954 Geneva Agreements, which the U.S. had promised to do, technical assistance and material aid enabled Ngo Dinh Diem to preserve the temporary division of Vietnam and to prevent the elections that had been guaranteed in order to reunite the North and South. During Diem's rise to dictatorial power in the South, his key aide was Col. Edward G. Lansdale, a CIA agent. Diem's position was reinforced by the CIA through a project run by Michigan State University. Several CIA agents were given faculty status by Michigan State in this project, which organized Diem's main instrument of terror — the South Vietnamese security police. (Ramparts, "MSU: The University on the Make," April, 1967).



IMPRUDEN CIA

Guatemala

Jacob Arbenz Guzman was chosen president of Guatemala in free elections in 1954. Instituting a moderate reform program, he raised the minimum wage from 29 cents a day to \$1.08. Then 243,000 unused acres of

Guatemalan land owned by the American United Fruit Company were expropriated with full compensation being provided in bonds at 3% interest. President Eisenhower authorized Allen Dulles, CIA Director and brother of Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, to organize a coup. An arms embargo preceded the 1954 overthrow of the Arbenz government by a force armed and trained by the CIA, which also lent air support with six F-47 bombers flown by CIA agents. The "friendly" new regime returned all the United Fruit land, which had been distributed to peasants, denied voting rights to 70% of the adult population, allowed plantation owners to slash wages by 30%, etc.

Once again CIA success proved lucrative. When Allen Dulles left the Agency a few years later, he joined the board of directors of United Fruit. But Dulles was not among strangers. The man whom he had replaced as CIA Director was also a member of the same board. (The Great Fear in Latin America, John Gerassi; The Invisible Government.)

Indonesia

Bolstered by the political strength of the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), third largest in the world, President Sukarno challenged U.S. domination of that Asian nation. Conscious of the CIA's use of foreign aid projects as fronts, he told the U.S. in March, 1964, "to hell with your aid." Then he began the formation of a people's militia to counter the reactionary Indonesian military. An attempted coup, allegedly by leftists but actually spearheaded by the CIA, provided the excuse for a counter-coup resulting in the massacre of the PKI. Estimates of the dead range from 300,000 to a million. Pleased with the destruction of the PKI, Washington rewarded the new rightist government with the usual extensive aid (The Silent Slaughter, New York Times, Dec. 26, 1966.)



OBEDIEN CIA

Dominican Republic

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

In 1962, Juan Bosch received 62% of the vote in the Dominican Republic's first free election in 38 years. His policies were liberal and moderately nationalistic.

1) Bosch's party wrote a constitution giving labor the right to organize, prohibiting large plantation-type estates, prohibiting foreigners from buying land, and reserving mineral rights to the state. (Almost all of the Dominican Republic's bauxite, its most important resource, goes to the U.S.)

2) Communists were allowed political rights.

3) Bosch announced that the contract the former Dominican president had negotiated with Standard Oil of New Jersey would be revised in a manner more consistent with the needs of the Dominican people.

4) A law was sponsored setting maximum prices for sugar, thus confronting the U.S.-owned Centro Romana Sugar company that produces 32% of Dominican sugar.

5) In general Bosch began seeking economic aid from Europe to break away from the U.S. Needless to say, the U.S. did not tolerate such developments for long.

Director Dulles denounced Bosch's government as ineffective in combating communism, and the stage was prepared by the CIA for a successful military coup in September, 1963. April, 1965, witnessed a popular rebellion in support of Bosch and the new constitution. Instead of recognizing the constitutional government of Bosch, the U.S. sent in the Marines to save the military junta. Under the occupation of U.S. forces and right-wing terror, ex-President Joaquin Balaguer, another reliable friend of American business was "elected" president.

Bolivia

In the fall of 1967, the United States finally caught up with Che Guevara and the guerilla band he was leading in Bolivia. Months of intensive pursuit, not to mention the typical amounts of aid and training, were invested by the U.S. government, military and the CIA in an all-out effort to stop Che once and for all. A CIA agent who had formerly known Che personally in Cuba made the positive identification after the capture and directed Che's execution by Bolivian army officers. (The Nation, Nov. 20, 1967).

The list is practically endless. Whenever and wherever U.S. business needs covert dirty work in its relentless drive for profits, resources and political power, the CIA is on constant call. As a rule, its accomplishments for imperialism are quiet "victories" rarely reported in the American media. Only CIA slip-ups and mistakes make the news, and this is usually because the corporations and their public pawns the politicians, find it necessary to shun embarrassing responsibilities and therefore place the blame on the sinister CIA. But the agents and other personnel in the mammoth CIA complex in Langley, Virginia, probably take the occasional abuse with grim humor. After all, an essential part of their job is to play games for the public and in the end, of course, such "criticism" is all in the imperialist family.

CIA AT HOME

The April, 1967, issue of Ramparts magazine exposed over a decade of CIA financing and political manipulation in the National Student Association (NSA). Operating within the international and domestic programs of NSA, the CIA pushed its familiar an-

Portuguese word games from L'Enrage, magazine of the French student movement./LNS



Dean Wierum and Rice rebels..

cia off campus!

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role played by the women. In her speech Nancy Sweeney discussed this fact, pointing out in a very forceful way that women in the movement are no longer playing a backseat role -- as some guy's "chick." She affirmed that women are a force to be reckoned with, both in the struggle for women's liberation and in the fight against U.S. imperialism.

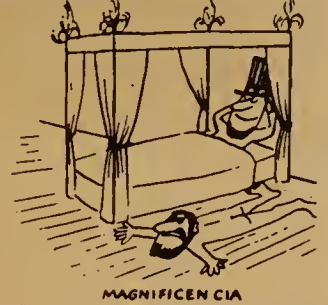
Sweeney's discussion of women's liberation drew the heaviest heckling of the day. The predominantly male crowd responded in an extremely defensive and uptight way, jeering her ruthlessly. But she was totally unaffected by the crowd, becoming if anything, more confident in the face of the heckling.

The question of women's oppression, a new and laughable curiosity for most of the hecklers, was injected into the UH scene. And, as the women pointed out in their statements and through their role in organizing the events, the issue will not be dropped.

Also at this rally, a statement from SDS organizers Barteel Haile and Doug Bernhardt was read. Haile and Bernhardt are legally enjoined from entering the UH campus as a result of the Oct. 30 action against army recruiters. (See story this issue.)

In the statement, the two expressed

ti-communism with the candy coating of "progressive liberalism" — student power, opposition to the Vietnam War, et al. Faced with the facts of the CIA/NSA situation, LBJ denied any knowledge of the activities, and most liberal politicians qualified their objections with a line about "the need to fight the Communists in the student movement around the world."



MAGNIFICEN CIA

The NSA expose opened the Pandora's box of the CIA's operations on the home front. "The NSA disclosures led to a rash of revelations about the CIA's involvement with virtually every important segment of American life — business, labor, government, the churches, the universities, the news media, charitable organizations, book publishers, teachers, artists, women's organizations, and cultural groups." (The Espionage Establishment, Wise and Ross.)

It was soon learned that the CIA functions in the U.S. through a complex of supposedly benevolent tax-exempt foundations directed by the CIA's Domestic Operations Divisions. Although many pieces of legislation have been passed to limit the scope of CIA activities to foreign countries, the CIA's incredibly broad powers, blank-check budget, almost total lack of Congressional supervision and the full backing of the major international corporations have produced the monster which is the CIA today.

their solidarity with the demonstration as well as their regrets that they could not be there in person.

They strongly implied that they would return to campus, in junction or no injunction, if the UH struggle intensifies and they feel that they can contribute significantly to that struggle.

Compared to the hang-loose action at Rice, the UH affair was a pretty serious matter. Perhaps the only levity came when people gathered back on the grass outside the University Center about 2 p.m. (a good hour after the original activity had ended). About 20 people had hung around on campus, trying to decide whether or not to go back over to the Student Life Building, now that things had calmed down, and try to take the recruiters by surprise.

The campus cops and assorted deans hovered, watching us intently, fearing our next move. Suddenly, on cue, we got up and began marching solemnly towards the Student Life Building. The cops stirred like a beehive, rapping in their walkie-talkies. As soon as we got to the edge of the UC, we broke into a full run, circled half way around the building, ran right back through the middle of it and ended up just where we had started — in a circle on the grass.

By then, the cops were probably all the way to the Student life building, looking behind them, wondering what the hell happened to the commies.

washington...

continued from 2

black liberation and many others.

The mood was festive and people did not feel much like listening to speeches. They sat huddled together on the grass, sipping coffee, eating and talking of many different things. Drinks were not much in evidence, but that sweet, familiar fragrance drifted past from time to time.

So people didn't seem particularly attentive as ex-Assistant Secretary of Commerce Howard Samuels intoned that "the first business of business is peace in Vietnam." He tried to convince his young audience that if the government would only operate on "proven principles of American business management," we'd get out of Vietnam immediately. Kids weren't too interested in Sen. Charles Goodell (R-N.Y.) and his theme: "The war in Vietnam is not the American interest," nor in his explanation that he would be introducing a bill on the floor of the Senate that would require all troops to be out of Vietnam by January, 1971.

But Dave Dellinger, one of the eight "conspirators" now on trial in Chicago, said that the troops must come out now. Another year would mean the death of 15,000 Americans, and many times that number of Vietnamese. He also said that an honorable peace plan must also include the recognition of the only legitimate government that now exists in South Vietnam — the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.

The Speakers covered a wide political spectrum, from businessmen like Samuels to movement people like Carol Brightman of Leviathan magazine and Phil Hutchings of SNCC. Other speakers included Mrs. Coretta King, Sen. George McGovern, (D-S.D.); Carol Lipman, national secretary of the Student Mobilization Committee; and Harold Gibbens, international vice president of the Teamsters. But the crowd remained sluggish to the flow of words, half tolerating and half enduring the arguments, and indignation of the speakers.

There were a few moments of real spirit. When Dick Gregory said that "Agnew is the kind of person who would make a crank call to the Russians on the hot line," there was a massive roar of approval. But only Richie Havens and some of the other entertainers could really bring everybody alive; they had people singing and dancing and being together in a way that reminded a lot of people of that other occasion in recent history when hundreds of thousands of young people caught a sense of their own power. As people danced around in a huge circle a young kid said: "The people who planned this are the same people who did Woodstock."

That wasn't true, of course, but the reason he probably felt that way was that a lot of the people in Washington had undoubtedly been at Woodstock. They were young people, sincere, intelligent, in search of that elusive community and power over their own lives so insidiously denied to them in capitalist America.

Non-Violence?

Many of the kids were wearing "Practice Non-Violence" paper medallions distributed by the War Resisters League. But wearing the badges didn't indicate a position of pacifism: one college student from Ohio, whose "Practice Non-violence" was tied to the

zipper of his ski parka, said that "If the war goes on much longer, no one will be having these nonviolent things. They don't make much sense if they can't end the war." Some couldn't explain what the badges meant; one Maryland high school girl was wearing it because it was pretty. And, most telling, there was a good sprinkling of "Practice Non-Violence" badges in the thick of the Justice Department action, which was nonviolent in neither intent nor tone.

Gas for Justice

Called originally by the Yippies and the Conspiracy, and announced by Dave Dellinger from the speakers' platform, the Justice Department march swept up thousands of others as it burst away from the rally around 4 p.m. and surged up Constitution Ave. behind a phalanx of Viet Cong flags and towering effigies of Agnew, Attorney General Mitchell and Judge Julius (Magoo) Hoffman.

By the time the march had circled the Justice Department once — bomb-

arding it with angry chants of "Free Bobby Seale" and "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, the NLF is Gonna Win!" it numbered at least 10,000 and several thousand others stood by, curious to see what would come of it.

What they found was a mass of angry people trying to voice their rage against a building constructed like a fortress. The southside of the Justice Department where the people rallied, was guarded only by six cops, unlike the other three sides which were lined with helmeted police. One of the six was the D.C. Chief Pig, disguised as an ordinary patrolman. The cops had a plan.

Quickly a crowd of people clustered around the doorway, draping Viet Cong flags from the ornate lamp fixtures and perching themselves on the window ledges. When another group moved to the main flag pole, hauled down the American flag and hoisted a Viet Cong flag in its place, the police decided they'd gone too far. Six of them rushed in and returned things to normal. The crowd drew back and gave the cops a rousing "boo."

Shortly afterwards, the inevitable first rock crashed through one of the ground floor windows of the Justice

Department, followed by others. The people around the massive steel door started pounding on it rhythmically, chanting "Free Bobby Seale," and seconds later the first tear gas canisters exploded near them, splitting the

crowd and driving nearly half of it back away from the Justice Department and on to the mall across the street. A cordon of police moved in to make the split permanent.

Then, as it grew darker and colder and people's frustration mounted, the crowd grew bolder. Again the American flag was dragged down from in front of the window where Mitchell sat watching, but this time it was quickly torn to pieces and the Viet Cong flag that replaced it flew undisturbed. The crowd cheered wildly, and the cops stood firmly in position, knowing that the mood had changed and it might not be safe to try to move in and rescue Old Glory again. More windows were shattered.

Then it was really dark. And eerie. The police slowly pushed their way forward and other lines of cops appeared across the street and block-

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ing off one of the side streets. The chants now competed with a steady humming noise coming from the truck that fills the machines that plice use to spray gas. Lights glistened off the line of helmets worn by the police, and a search light, mounted on the roof of the Internal Revenue building, scanned the crowd as they began to prepare for the eminent gas attack.

A middle-aged man and his wife stood on the curb and watched. When people approached and urged that they prepare wet clothes to cover their mouths and noses, the man blustered, "We're just watching. We didn't come here to get gassed."

Minutes later the gas hit. Not just a few canisters, but dozens. As people began to move stubbornly back, police kept firing more and more gas into their midst. Gas grenades were exploding all over, around people's heads and shoulders and at their feet. Quickly the air turned a murky brown, then a solid grey. People were gasping, moaning, stumbling, falling and still more canisters poured in, while up in front of the line of retreat, along which the tightly packed crowd could only inch its way slowly, so long as it refused to panic and abandon those overcome by the gas, to be trampled or arrested. People had tried to cling to friends, lost them in the gas, the pain, the desperation, and still the cops kept firing in more gas.

Bravado and Pomp

When at last they broke out into clear air, many of the marchers collapsed, others staggered off, their anger overwhelmed by their weakness, still others regrouped either to make window-breaking forays into the business district or to try to hold their ground at nearby street corners. Either way they soon met more cops, more gas.

None of them had the satisfaction of knowing that the broken windows in the Justice Department had been enough to fill its air conditioning system with gas, send people gasping and coughing from Mitchell's office. Mitchell himself got a good dose of CS.

After the demonstrators were cleared away from the Justice Department,

the corner of 12th St. and Constitution Avenue became a No-Man's land. The mass of cops standing there were soon joined by fresh forces, bussed in by D.C. transit.

In each unit was a sharp-shooter, armed with a rifle but the rifles never had to be used. Every few minutes another carton would be tossed to the ground, each cop would grab a small canister from it, rip open the container, put the tear gas grenade in his grenade launcher, pull the trigger, and watch the kids from the mall, a block and a half away, scurry from the gas.

Most of these kids hadn't participated in the Justice Department demonstration: they had been observing it from the sidelines, and were drawn gradually into the battle as the struggle intensified.

The cops were staggeringly well-equipped, and too far away to be hit by rocks, so the kids' weapons could only be an ironic bravado and pomp. Several gas grenades were tossed back toward the gas-masked cops in symbolic defiance. One kid strolled up to a water fountain as the latest gas barrage lifted, raised a hand in a comic pantomime of "Stop!" took a long drink as two gas grenades skittered precisely towards him and then walked back through the fumes at a deliberate pace.

The cops gassed their way down the deserted Constitution Ave., lobbing gas along the mall and forcing kids up toward the Washington Monument. It was a weird slow motion process; the high ground gave a vantage point to watch the cops forming new patterns of phalanxes and lines.

The kids stayed at their bonfires as long as gas permitted. Thousands in the northwest corner of the mall — kids who had stayed at the Mobe rally to hear the Hair cast when the Justice Department marchers headed out — could be heard a thousand yards away, shouting at the cops, "One, Two, Three Four. We Don't Want Your Fucking War!"

The Medical Committee for Human Rights, headquartered in a trailer on the monument ground, was treating the casualties of the eerie evening. One 16-year-old girl from rural Maryland was complaining that her mother would never let her go out to concerts

anymore after she had seen her gas-burned face: she'd stopped in a bath room before leaving to get her bus, and the cops scored a near direct hit with a gas grenade. A boy muttered, "It's the old gas-the-kids game again." Most of them didn't have a highly developed political consciousness, but

for many it was their first demonstration and their first gassing, and they had an intense new sense of who the enemy is and which side they're on.

In the far reaches of the mall, groups of kids were way-laying cop cars, cops were swooping down on Mobe marchers wandering around in confusion, searching for friends and buses. One group of kids waiting to be packed into a paddy wagon were shaken by the clubbing of their buddy who tried to escape.

NLF Is Gonna Win

As the Mobe buses pulled out of Washington, D.C., National Guardsmen in MP helmets had cordoned off the area within a block on all sides of the White House. Earlier, a force of about 700 kids, had marched toward the White House, and as they were dispersed, clouds of tear gas wafted over the White House lawn.

National Guardsmen augmented the D.C. cops in guarding the shopping areas of the city from roving bands of kids, some of whom were looking for the chartered buses they had lost in the confusion, others, for an opportunity to toss a brick through a window. The plate glass windows of Garfinkles', American Express, a men's clothing store and a bank were among the splattering the kids got.

After 11 p.m., cops gassed a bunch of Weathermen who had regrouped in Dupont Circle, the base of the previous evening's abortive forays against the South Vietnamese Embassy.

It was a strange sight — the nation's capital under military guard — but it was not a unique one. The ghetto rebellion a year and a half ago brought more troops and more gas. The occupation this time was light

enough to emphasize that the government wasn't worried about losing the city. It was a city that was designed not to be lost — its wide diagonal avenues were planned with the quick movement of troops and the mobs of Paris during the French Revolution very much in mind.

But the kids and their brothers in Guardsmen garb were a symbol of the real contradiction between the demands of the anti-war movement — those demands shouted to the sound of shattering Justice Department windows and those demands moaned out by a swaying crowd giving the V-sign — and the plans of the President.

No one knows now what the exact circumstances of the resolution of that contradiction will be. Chances are that when it comes, it will come as the success of the Provisional Revolutionary Government's mortars and politics, it will come when the ruling class split over whether "Vietnam is good business" deepens, and it will be accompanied by the proliferation of the "peace community" with its Moratorium buttons and marches and the chants of the radicals, "Ho Ho Ho Chi Minh, The NLF is Going to Win."

Birth Control Or Genocide?

Under the headline, "It's a Bird! It's a Plane! It's Birth Control!" the AP sent out a wire story about the proposal of botany professor Richard W. Schreiber for the sterilization of all women in a given area by means of an airborne virus. The projected purpose was population control.

In a two-day symposium on population at the University of New Hampshire, Dr. Schreiber, proclaiming fears that man was "fatally close to breeding himself out of existence," reported that virologists had told him that a virus to accomplish the sterilization, and an antidote for it, could be developed in three years.

He estimated the development cost at \$5 million.

Since an antidote would be available, Dr. Schreiber maintained that "nothing is actually changed" and people could have as many children as they wanted — after they made the conscious decision to go in and get the injection which would provide the antidote. The antidote would be geared to last no more than six months, so that the woman would have to come in for a new injection each time she wanted a child.

Dr. Schreiber did not discuss who would be in charge of administering the antidote, nor on what basis the decision would be made to give it out, if it would have to be paid for, who would assume the costs, how many times a woman could get the antidote.

More important, he did not discuss who would make the decisions of what areas would be sprayed with the airborne virus, and whether all the inhabitants of the area would have to consent before it was administered. He did state that "no government would dare to do it" — which is probably true; no government would dare to impose that on its own population. But it is not so clear at all that the government would not dare to do that on presumed "Viet Cong" areas of Vietnam, or black ghetto areas, on guerilla areas in Latin America, etc.

And it is quite clear that if the sterilization were imposed on an unwilling population, the theoretical availability of the antidote would be virtually meaningless. Schreiber's virus is a concrete example of the way power structures can misuse birth control to "kill tomorrow's guerillas today." (LNS)

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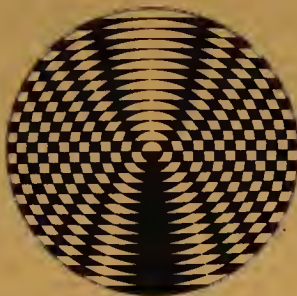
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Cesar Chavez, head of the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee AFL-CIO, will speak at a grape boycott rally on Fri Nov 28 at 8 pm in the Marion High School Auditorium, 4621 Gulfport. We need you there to show him that Houston supports the movement for justice in the fields of Calif.

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 Nov 21 - Joanna
 Nov 28 - The Detective
 Three Horror Films, Oberholzer Hall, U of H,
 7 pm Nov 21, \$.50.
 Special Showing, Lib Aud, \$.50
 Dec 2 & 4 - Lord of the Flies
 ST. THOMAS U. FILMS, Anderson Hall, 8 pm, \$1
 Nov 25 - Night Mail/Man of Aran
 Dec 2 - The Bicycle Thief
 Dec 4 - Rashomon
 Jewish Community Center Films, 5601 S Braeswood
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 Nov 30 - La Guerre est Finie
 Dec 7 - Shop on Main Street
 RICE MEDIA CENTER FILMS, Bio aud, 8 pm, \$1
 Dec 4 - Les Enfants du Paradis (Marcel Carne)
 Dec 5 - Dead Birds (Robert Gardner)

Media Conference at Rice University, Dec 8-10.
 Dr. Gerald O'Grady will dwell on the religious symbolism in Easy Rider and Alice's Restaurant. Stan Vanderbeker (maker of computer films) will show his work and speak on Dec 10 in Rice's RMC



"Tango," by Slawomir Mrozek ("Mrozek's continuing war against people's savage parody of logic") presented at Baker House, Rice University Fri Nov 21, 7:30 pm.

"Beckett," presented by the Rice Tabletop Players at Weiss College on the Rice U. campus, Dec 4-6.

The Stage at the Alleyway Book Shoppe, 508 Louisiana, has extended the performances of GROKKINGS to run through Dec 6. A short one-act play will be a part of the program this weekend, along with readings and mimes. Fridays & Sat, 8:30 pm.

THE STAGE will audition actors, singers and dancers Sunday at noon, Nov 30, at the Tideland Club, 6500 Main, for and original rock musical featuring new music by THE GARAGE BAND. The show, ARIES RISING, will need freaks, long-hairs and straights, and will play Friday and Saturday nights through January and February.

Rice Players present 3 one-act plays in Hamman Hall Nov 19-22, 8 pm: Leonard Melfi's "Birdbath," Ionesco's "Exit the King" and Lanford Wilson's "The Madness of Lady Bright." \$1.50.

Watch out for the new student narcs on the U. of St. Thomas campus.

"The Investigation", Peter Weiss' story of Nazi concentration camps, presented by Playwright's Showcase at Autry House, on weekends at 8 pm, opening Nov 14 and running four weeks.

"Mankind," a 15th century morality play, will be presented at the Memorial Center, Rice University, on Nov 21-22 at 8:30 pm and Nov 23 at 3 pm.

Fifth Dimension, Nov 23, 7:30 & 10 pm, Music Hall

Johnny Cash, Nov 30, 8 pm, Coliseum (228-0006)
 Blood Sweat & Tears, Nov 29, 8 pm, Coliseum (")

CATACOMBS
 Nov 22 - Sweetwater
 Nov 27-28 - Spooky Tooth

LOVE STREET
 Nov 21-22 Bubble Puppy, The Garage Band
 Nov 27-29 "Crowbar" says come to the First Annual Turkey Trot, with: Ramon Ramon and the Four Fabulous Daddio's, Big Sweet, Bobby Blue & the Barracudas...

U. of St. Thomas gives us a "Southern Tissue Rock Concert," with Lucille, The Children, and other bands at Welder Hall, 3812 Yoakum on Mon Nov 24 at 7:30 pm, \$.2. The concert celebrates the new issue of the heavy literary mag Southern Tissue which is out Monday at St. Thomas.

"Flowers for Algernon," Acid-Rock/Blues/Soul/Folk/Bubblegum super-concert starring Fun & Games, Saturnalia, the Michael, Ark, and Liquid Blue & Co. 7:30 pm Sat Nov 22, Rice University Field House. \$.2, tickets at Foleys and Evans Music.

Malvina Reynolds gives a folk concert at the First Unitarian Church on Sun Nov 23, 4-6 pm.FREE

The Great Music Conspiracy, free concert at Milby Park. Sunday afternoon



First Annual Unmanned Ground Controlled Space Exploration Kite Flying Contest, Nov 25, noon, UC back steps, University of Houston.

"Cuba - ten years of revolution," an eyewitness report by Paul McNight of the Young Socialist Alliance, Sonora Room, U of H, Fri Nov 21, 7:30.

Draft counseling services for Houston's north side will begin this week at 1135 Quitman (224-9450), Mon-Thurs 7-10 pm.

Attend the mass Unity Demonstration in Austin in support of striking Economy Furniture workers on Sun Nov 30 at 2 pm in front of the Capitol. Main speakers are "Corky" Gonzales from Denver's Crusade for Justice and MAYO leader Mario Compean; also Teatro Campesino. (Information: Austin Chicano Strike, Box 6396, Austin. 512 836-0472)

Harlan Andrews, the Great White Father of Bellaire High School, will be the featured speaker at a panel discussion on STUDENT UNREST on Wed Dec 3, 8 pm, at the Jewish Community Center,

5601 S. Braeswood

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Why is this man smiling?... See p. 3

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